D.No B.3517

filmindia

SEPTEMBER
1940
ANNAS EIGHT

THOSE WHO OWED THEIR LIVES TO HIM CONSPIRED TO DESTROY HIM

SARASWATI'S

SUPER MYTHOLOGICAL HIT

DEVI DEVYANI

Director: PANDURANG TELEGIRI

Written by: S. A. SHUKLA

Padma Shaligram, Kusum Deshpande, Suresh Babu, Nimbalker, D. Kamanna.

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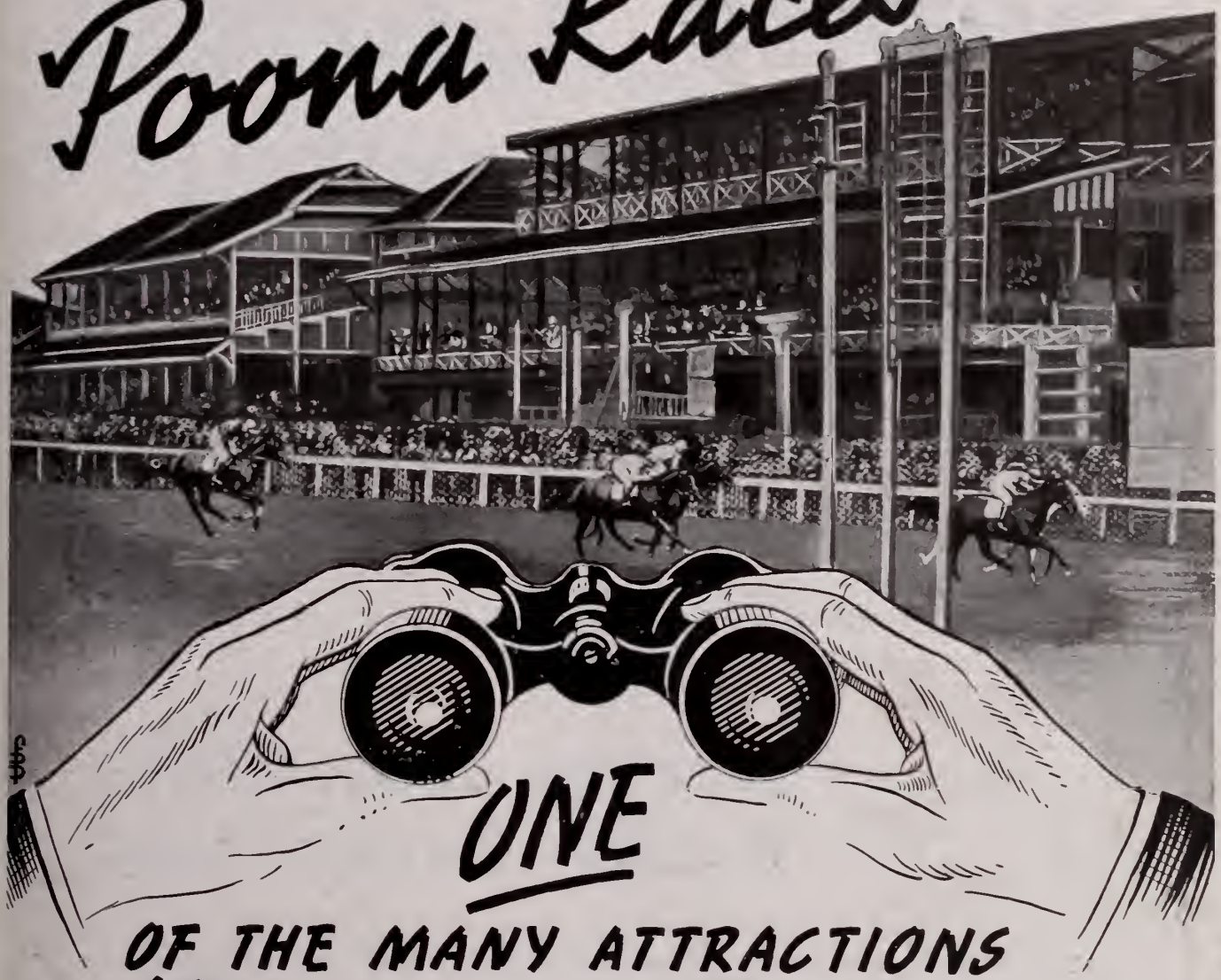

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G. I. P.

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For the convenience of the Turf Enthusiasts, G.I.P. Railway will run 2 Race Specials— one I & II combined and the other III class Special—from Bombay to Poona every Race day. Cheap Day Return Tickets inclusive of admission to enclosures will be issued as usual. Also Week End Return Tickets at specially reduced rates obtainable.

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filmindia

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Editor: **BABURAO PATEL**

Vol. 6 SEPTEMBER 1940 No. 9

War And Our Homes

Though 5000 miles away, the war is in our homes to-day. It is not a war of Britain or of India. It is humanity's war against inhuman forces. This will perhaps be our last war. And therefore we must win it.

One way of helping to win it is to do our bit—however small. Here is one opportunity Mrs. Camilla Walter has offered us.

Buy a "Defend India" flag. It costs Rs. 10/- and the money goes for the defence of our homes. This blue flag with the yellow bomber-decoration must sell in thousands to buy one real bomber to police the skies over our homes.

The flag which can be fitted to any car bonnet or mudguard while adding to the dignity of your car, becomes the symbol of your sincere desire to win the war.

Remit your money to Mrs. Walter c/o Warner Bros., Eros, Bombay and do your bit in this war.

Annual subscription inland Rs. 5/-
Foreign Rs. 8/- or Sh. 12.
3 dollars in U.S.A.

Give Our Writers A Square Deal

There was a time when "the writer" in a film studio meant a shabby-looking *Munshi*, who would chew *pan* and spit out what passed for stories in those days. In a six-pice exercise book the literary inspirations of the *Munshi* would be recorded with the stub of a pencil and handed over to the director who would immediately start shooting, only skipping through "the story" to make sure that there was in it a role each for Sulochana, Billimoria and Gulam Mohamed.

No wonder the epics of those forgotten days made no pretence of art beyond placing a porcelain vase wherever the heroine stood and no pretence of drama beyond a sword fight on a staircase between the hero and the villain. Now and then, of course, youthful enthusiasts like Naval Gandhi would get hold of a story by a real writer like Tagore and make a film of sorts, like "Sacrifice". But these were exceptions that only proved the rule. In the studio, the *Munshi* still reigned supreme.

Then came along Devaki Bose with his bundle of scenarios, the first real screen writer in India. Few persons know today that the great D. K. began his career as a writer and only later on became a director. Since then Bengal studios have increasingly made use of authentic writers both for acquiring original stories and for getting the actual shooting scripts written.

The success of New Theatres pictures (upto 1938) was largely due to the original and thought-provoking stories of writers like Sarat Chandra Chatterjee being transferred to the screen by a band of efficient scenarists.

In this part of the country V. S. Khandekar's "Chhaya" made people sit up and take notice of the

writer as a factor in film production. Here was a picture, produced by an unknown concern, technically poor and with hardly any star value, and yet it scored due to the sheer merit of its powerful story. Since then an increasing number of Maharashtrian authors like Vashikar, Bhaskar Rao, Atre, etc., have been closely associated with production companies like Prabhat, Huns and Navyug Chitrapat Ltd.

Someone once made a tentative attempt to film Premchand's "Sevasadan" and later Bhavnani made a hash of his "Mill" but the great Hindusthani writer died without seeing one of his stories decently translated on the screen. Sagar added dignity to its activities by producing some of the stories of the renowned Gujerati scholar and novelist, Mr. K. M. Munshi and Prakash who had been specializing in stunt pictures turned a new leaf by producing Ramanlal Desai's "Poornima". With Bombay Talkies productions have been associated the names of two Bengali writers, Niranjan Pal and Saradindu Bannerji.

It is gratifying, no doubt, to see that now and then producers do wake up to discover creative writers and seek their co-operation—with a varying measure of success. But surely, in a country producing nearly 200 pictures every year, it is not enough that a dozen writers should be occasionally 'patronized' and asked to write stories for the screen. If the producers are really serious about giving us better and more progressive pictures, they must secure the co-operation of original literary talent in the country.

Radha Rani has a voice as sweet as her face and she uses both with good effect in "Diamond Queen" a Wadia picture.

As matters stand, to-day, we can well understand why creative writers—intelligent and sensitive people—hesitate to approach the studios. In most of the studios the procedure invariably is that after a poor writer has daily sat waiting on a bench near the studio gate for a week or so, he is asked to come and relate the story to the Seth and his half-a-dozen henchmen and relations. It is needless to mention that everyone of these is the wrong man to sit in judgment over a literary effort, not having even a nodding acquaintance with letters. A less intelligent and more uninspiring audience is difficult to imagine.

As the writer proceeds to read out or tell the story he is interrupted by silly remarks made by the Seth, his third cousin and his son-in-law. So many—often mutually conflicting—suggestions are made for changes in the story that, if carried out, hardly anything would remain of the original story.

And once a writer who had based his story on the struggles of an independent girl in a city was told "we don't mind the city but change the girl into a boy and we will take the story." The inquisition does not end here. Back and forth goes the poor writer, like a shuttlecock, from producer to his partner, from him to the director, and then back to the producer. He has to repeat the story which he himself has by now begun to hate. Then, if his stars are lucky, he is offered a princely sum of a couple of hundred rupees!

Can anyone imagine front rank writers submitting themselves to this sort of treatment?

At one time the situation in Hollywood was not much different. Bernard Shaw was right when he refused to give his stories to ignorant producers who only wanted to exploit his name and make money. But to-day things have changed. Each studio has a galaxy of first rate writers on its staff, writers like Robert E. Sherwood, Clifford Odetts, William Saroyan, etc. They can not only write good stories themselves but they also know where to get other good stories. That is why even world-famed authors like Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham can be persuaded to write for the screen.

We don't expect our producers to suddenly turn intellectuals. But at least they should have on their staff men who understand and appreciate literary value, who possess a dramatic sense and who can really judge the merits of a story.

The acquisition of a good original story, however, is only the first step in the production of a picture. The more important task is to picturize this story, to convert its literary flow into the continuity of screen images—in short to construct a film scenario on its foundation.

We have purposely used the word 'construct'. Scenarios are not 'written' but 'constructed'. It is not a literary process but a highly involved and specialized technique which requires, besides fertile imagination and flair for drama, *a close acquaintance with every stage of the process of film production.* This technical knowledge is of the utmost importance because the scenarist, while writing the script, actually *produces* the picture on paper! He must be able to split the story into sequences, sequences into scenes and scenes into shots, yet smoothly dovetailing one into the other and giving the whole drama a natural rhythm and flow. He must know the use and significance of technical terms like "fade-in", "fade-out", "dissolve", "wipe", "montage", "symbolism" etc., and must be able to utilize all these cinematographic 'tricks' to convey the ideas of the author in the most effective manner.

On the screen, we do not see what the author writes. We see what the scenarist wants us to see. Therein lies his importance. The world's best story can be 'murdered' by a bad scenario but a good scenario can redeem and improve the weakest possible story.

That elusive 'Hollywood touch' which we admire so much and find so difficult to achieve is nothing but the efficiency of their scenarists who, by their skilful manipulation of incidents, make the dullest subject interesting and create an illusion of reality in the most absurd and fantastic story.

Compare the British with the Hollywood productions. With the same stars, the same directors and equally good technical equipment, why are the British studios unable to give polished slick pictures like Hollywood? Because the British scenarists still hugging a literary tradition, have not yet acquired the technical perfection of his American brother. No doubt, until recently even Hollywood pictures were all screen-play and no story—brilliant but superficial and inconsequential. That, too, should not be our aim. We want our pictures to be slick and smart but, even more than that, we want them to mean something, to have a better design than crazy comedies or cheap exhibition of sex. Our ideal should be to have good, purposeful and progressive stories and to ensure their most perfect presentation on the screen by entrusting the work to efficient scenarists.

But how many of our studios realize the importance of good scenarists? Indeed, how many of them believe in getting scenarios written at all? One—two—three—four—not more! Even in these studios, usually directors themselves have to work on their scripts which may yield good results for the time being, some of these directors being versatile and clever, but as a general policy it is dangerous, almost suicidal for the director to do the nerve-exhausting paper work which a scenario involves. A commendable example has been recently provided by Bombay Talkies who have organized an efficient group of young and educated scenarists. The result is "Bandhan" which proves our contention that an intelligently constructed scenario can turn even a weak story into a polished and popular picture.

In most of the other studios, the six-pice exercise book may have been replaced by a thick and swanky file but the technique of scenario-writing seems to have advanced very little beyond the studio *Munshi* stage. No wonder, then, that a few flukes notwithstanding, even the general standard of their pictures has not progressed any further!

The foreign screen first invented the stars. Then it realized the importance of the Director, who could make or unmake stars. To-day the screen has discovered the writer—original writer as well as the studio scenarist—and restored him to his rightful place of eminence.

The Indian producers have tried the star as well as the Director, both of whom continue to draw huge salaries inspite of repeated failures of their pictures. Let them now give a break to the writer. May be, this humble individual will still save the industry and build a new future.

Leela Chitnis looks younger with every scene in "Bandhan" the latest hit of Bombay Talkies.

The worldly hope
Men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes-or
It prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon
The desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two
Is gone.

OMAR KHAYYAM

The colourful life-story of the greatest poet and philosopher of the Orient

In all its truthful grandeur as only PRABHAT can present.

Director:
Mr. V. SHANTARAM

Bombay Calling

This section is the monopoly of "JUDAS" and he writes what he likes and about things which he likes. The views expressed here are not necessarily ours, but still they carry weight because they are written by a man who knows his job.

A MODERN BLACK HOLE

People who wish to see a modern "Black Hole" may visit the Imperial Cinema, at the Lamington Road, Bombay. Bombay has got several bad theatres, —some of them no better than repainted stables—but this is worst in a City that claims to be the home of the Indian film industry.

From every point of view—hygienic, public health and popular comforts—the Imperial Cinema has outlived its usefulness and it is high time that the Commissioner of Police, and we know him to be a conscientious officer, withdraws the license for this theatre.

Cramped, ill-ventilated, choking and badly kept. this picture house is a disgrace to the first city in India. It is not in the interest of public health to continue a performance license to a theatre like this which may veritably be a breeding place of disease.

One has only to sit in any one of the shows. whether crowded or not, to verify the truth of our remarks. It does not need an expert or any extensive investigations to realize the filthy atmosphere in which entertainment is doled out to the public.

We and many others have been writing about this sorry state of affairs and about the irresponsible way they are allowed to continue, but for some reason or other, only known to the authorities concerned, no action has been taken.

We only hope, we won't have to remind again, as after doing our duty of pointing out an evil, we expect the Police authorities to do theirs of removing the evil.

PREMIER VOICE OF THE INDIAN SCREEN

We are pleased to note that the Film Advisory Board has accepted our recommendation and found some more work for Ezra Mir, India's ace commentator.

After producing "Making Money" an attractive documentary for the Government, Mir has been entrusted with the work of producing a clever propaganda film called the "Voice of Satan." This short feature will be produced at the Wadia Movietone studios who have accepted the work at a little sacrifice, realizing its vital importance in the present times of national emergency.

"The Voice of Satan" very rightly expresses the sharp practices of German broadcasts in Hindusthani and divulges the actual conditions of cruel coercion under which the unfortunate Indians in Germany are compelled to broadcast to their people a continuous tissue of lies with a gun between the ribs.

Those gullible fools, and India has many, who believe in these broadcasts will get a shock of their life when they see the truth on the screen, when this picture is released.

Go on, Mir, give us some more of these. That is the way war propaganda should be done and to that extent we congratulate the Film Advisory Board.

It will, however be a good idea to centralize these efforts by organizing a useful propaganda department and placing Ezra Mir in charge. We can not think of

Baburao Pendharkar never looked more natural than as a toddy tapper in "Amrit" the Navyug picture in making.

a better and more sincere man than him. And he knows his job. He'll be ten times better than the others to whom an accent of a word is more important than the meaning of what they speak.

COLOURS STILL FLYING

"Bandhan" is not merely a good picture of Bombay Talkies. It is a lot more than that. It is the most convincing evidence of what good training, correct discipline and institutional loyalty can achieve in the film production field.

Its thundering success restores the people's faith in the Bombay Talkies,—faith which for some time the late Himansu Rai had taken away with him. So great was the death of one man, that it had not only shaken the present but shadowed the future with an anxiety too acute to be expressed.

Trade rivals indulged in rash speculations about the future of this concern and rumours of all sorts were set afloat.

The undoubted success of "Bandhan" silenced all and to-day other producers have come to realize that there was method in the madness of the late Mr. Rai when he kept himself scrupulously away from his trade rivals, their associations and petty intrigues and pursued a lone path of silent progress.

His 'boys' in the studio are faithfully following in the footprints of the dead pioneer and it remains to be seen whether Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall will pursue the same old and well tried policy with the trade in general.

Whatever the future, the present is too brilliant not to dazzle the world and the people who represent Bombay Talkies to-day deserve every praise.

WEDDING BELLS!

It is reliably understood that Film-actress Snehaprabha Pradhan will marry Actor-producer Kishore Sahu very shortly. At present both of them are working in the next social picture of Bombay Talkies—probably in the hero-heroine roles.

This must be called a lightning romance seeing that Film-critic Ahmad Abbas, a respected friend of the Pradhan family, introduced Kishore Sahu to Miss Pradhan only a month back.

What a speed! The news, when it came to me, took my breath away. Are we after all going Hollywood? In any case, all the parties concerned deserve congratulations for sheer speed.

I hope Miss Pradhan won't contradict this news also.

FAILURE OF STARS

The miserable failure of "Chingari" and "Sajni" two Sudama pictures knock the bottom out of the star system of the film business. Sudama Productions seemed to rely a lot on the "star-value" of Sabita Devi and in trying to feature her overwhelmingly in the publicity campaign made the people forget the pictures about which the whole row was.

Sabita's name appeared in bold headlines, while the names of the two pictures were too inconspicuously displayed to catch the eye.

The net result of this stupid publicity campaign was that both the star and the pictures failed and the pathos of both the pictures being transferred to the producers brought tears to their eyes.

Even now, it is not too late for the producers to realize that stars don't pay. There is not one star in India to-day who can be relied upon to pull a weak

This photo reminds of the "Glory that was Ind". It will be found in "Devi Devyani" a Saraswati picture.

picture through. It is the story and the picture in whole that count and not the individuality of the star.

And yet the stars keep on getting huge salaries, entirely disproportionate with their merits. In these days of war stringency, instead of cutting down publicity budgets and technicians' salaries, why not axe the star salaries?

The best star in India, assuming that he or she has a life of 10 years' usefulness, ought not to get more than Rs. 1,500|- a month.

And Sabita Devi, for instance, is drawing Rs. 3,000|- a month. Why? May we know why the producers are playing this losing game, when it is within their gift to make the losing business a paying one?

A 'SECRET' IN MAKING

The first Indian picture in English "Raj Nartaki" is getting ready in the Wadia Studios. Modhu Bose in pursuit of his personal ambition to launch his charming wife Sadhona Bose in Hollywood some day is taking every precaution to make the picture as attractive as possible.

But contrary to the usual practice followed by producers hitherto whenever they did something new and enterprising, the producers of this English picture seem bent on keeping it a good secret and ultimately the picture will probably be released as a good secret without any publicity.

One wonders whether there is something about the picture to be ashamed of.

REORGANISING NEW THEATRES

My last note on New Theatres, in which I wrote about their gradual decline in quality and production standard, was well received at the New Theatres studios where the general consensus of opinion seemed to be that what I had written did well and truly represent the real state of affairs.

But some film weeklies not being able to realize the sincerity of my writing have chosen to attribute other motives to me and what was in my opinion a perfectly friendly warning to stop and think has been termed as an "attack on New Theatres."

My close personal friendship with Mr. B. N. Sircar is in itself a retort to these weekly scandal-mongers. I would be failing in my duty as a friend and journalist who has devoted the best part of his life to the Indian film industry, if I did not sound a note of warning in time. Similar warnings, though of a different nature, have been given before to Prabhat, Ranjit, National Studios etc. and they have taken the hint in time and benefitted by it.

No one had then suggested that I was trying to pull down these producing companies. But strangely enough, I have been accused of doing so in case of New Theatres.

Abusing me does not lend any quality or standard to pictures like "Street Singer," "Sapera," "Kapal Kundala," "Jawani-Ki-Reet," 'Zindagi" and "Andhi." They still remain the miserable failures which they have been.

Mr. Sircar is following the better way to silence me—that is by overhauling the entire production system. I am sure this will yield better results and we shall soon have the N.T. standard flying high again.

SOHRAB PULLS "BHAROSA" DOWN!

Sohrab Mody's "Bharosa" has become a good picture—good in comparison with his own standard previously established. As our reviewer says it has more purpose than "Pukar" and it is the best picture Minerva ever produced.

And yet Sohrab Mody himself is trying to pull the picture down by wildly advertising that "Bharosa" is the Pukar of 1940." That is condemning "Bharosa" and praising 'Pukar". "Pukar" may have made more money for Sohrab Mody but that doesn't mean that it was a better picture than "Bharosa". "Dnyaneshwar" will collect more money than "Admi" but that doesn't mean that the former is a better picture.

Padma Shaligram and Suresh Babu return to the screen in "Devi Devyani" a Saraswati picture.

Sohrab Mody, if he calls himself an artist—and he does so unblushingly so often—should by now realize that quality has a different value of its own often separated from the monetary returns of a picture.

What Sohrab Mody should advertise is that "Bharosa" is a better picture than "Pukar" and the best Minerva ever produced. And that will be telling the truth.

If Sohrab Mody of all people can not appreciate his own picture in the right way, how does he expect others to do so?

STOP AND THINK, CHIMANLAL!

When Chimanlal Trivedi—one time story-writer of Sagar floated the Circo Productions, we had hopes of a new well-organized producing company springing up.

Those hopes were further continued when in association with New Theatres, Circo produced a few pictures and took the Film Journalists' Award for "Adhikar."

Then Chimanlal Trivedi shifted his activities to Bombay and with this change the tale of woe seemed to begin.

His dreams of producing quality suddenly seemed to have disappeared. The producer of "Adhikar" fell a victim to the quantity urge. He probably wanted to beat the market with numbers, thinking that the demand being far greater than the supply, any product —good or bad—would be accepted with open hands.

Circo Productions set out on a competitive scale and took away artistes from other studios, collected an awful crowd of writers and directors and like a bitch in constant heat yielded productions one after another.

"Laxmi" "Sohag" and "Anuradha" came to the screen with a big publicity bang but failed to maintain the standard set up by "Adhikar." More pictures like "Geeta," "Deepak" etc. are threatened. It is too early to say what way they will take. We only hope, they don't go the way of others.

Cheap rumours of stars joining Circo and big directors signing up with Circo endorsed and advertised by the studio in a cheap way were set afloat to sustain the prestige of Circo.

That is not the way production business is done. Let Chimanlal Trivedi produce a really good picture and every one will welcome it with open arms.

We hardly expected an educated man like Chimanlal Trivedi to indulge in such cheap advertising stunts which leave a bad taste in the mouth and a suspicion in the mind.

It is still not too late to stop and think. And Chimanlal should do so if Circo is ever to regain its "Adhikar" standard.

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S. H. MANTO
The Editor.

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News – politics – sports – movies

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FOR UNREPRESENTED TOWNS

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CARAVAN
104, Apollo St., Fort, Bombay

Shah Nawaz, Leela Chitnis and Suresh make many a situation interesting in "Bandhan" a Bombay Talkies picture.

LEELA CHITNIS—Seeing "Bandhan" some one remarked that "she looks younger with every scene" while others say "she works better with every picture." In "Bandhan" she sings better too.

Over
Rs. 13,000
Offered
FIRST PRIZE:
RS. 700 MONTHLY FOR 12 MONTHS
Or
Rs. 7,000 down
2 ENTRIES FOR RE. 1
RUNNERS-UP:
RS. 5,000
EXTRA PRIZES: Elegant Wrist Watch for each All Correct solver Handsome Present for each One Error solver Special Bonus value Rs.5 for each Two Error solver Merit Bonus for each Three & Four Error Solver

"COMMONSENSE CROSSWORD" No. 189

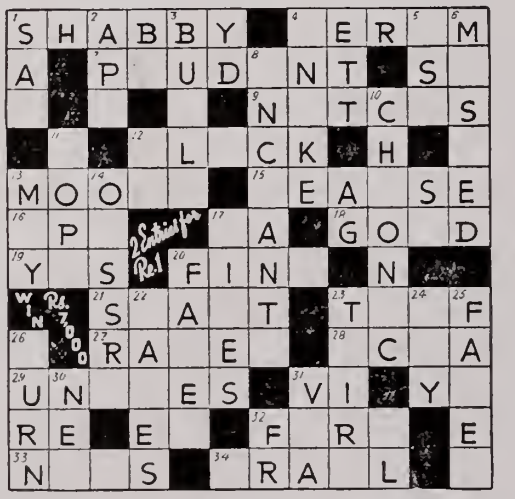
What *Commonsense Crosswords* offer you might well be shouted from the house-tops, but that is scarcely necessary if for no other reason than that huge prizes have been won by our competitors in virtually every corner of India, Burma and Ceylon. The trifling fee in this competition is Re. 1 for two entries, so that you can win a prize of Rs. 8,400 with an entry costing you only As. 8. If your solution is All Correct you will receive an elegant wrist watch as well. But even if others do better, you may well share in the further Rs. 5,000 that is set aside for Runners-up. And that is not all, because there are also Extra Prizes that must be won by even those with four errors. You cannot make a better start than by starting now on the Practice Square below, because you will have more time to think.

CLUES ACROSS

1. We are now accustomed to such tricks by the Nazis
4. Thin transparent part of the blood
7. Discreet
9. Jumbled spelling of *enacts*
12. Salesmen cannot afford to look this with critical customers
13. One's sense of proportion is apt to be distorted when one is this
15. Funeral vehicle
16. Large monkey
18. Self-confident men are usually the quicker to make this
19. Affirmative answer
20. The bigger this is the more embarrassing it often proves
21. Practical joke that makes a person this is foolish
23. Slight quarrel
27. Many people who cannot afford to gamble are tempted to do so by these
28. Reversed spelling of word meaning *curves*
29. We are the nephews of our these
32. As a rule the bigger this is the harder it is to control
33. Usually quickly and widely spread about convicts when they escape
34. We are apt to find people who are inclined to do this irritating companions

CLOSING DATE, SEPTEMBER 20th.

N.B.—The Entry Fee in this Competition is Re. 1 for 2 Entry Squares and Entry Forms will be published in the issue of September 8th.



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ONLY ENTRY FORMS CUT OUT FROM

"THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA"

of September 8th will be accepted.

CLUES DOWN

1. Often when one feels this one's greatest desire is to be alone
2. Appropriate
3. Physically weak person is comparatively seldom this
4. Reptile
5. To put to some purpose
6. A man is often this by a woman without realizing it
8. Bewitches
10. Lasting or inveterate
11. Even the most attractive women's charms are apt to be impaired when they do this
13. Month of the year
14. Jumbled spelling of *scores*
17. Woman's capriciousness often this a lover
20. Often utterly confounding
22. Young women are prone to believe any which flatter them
23. Reversed spelling of word meaning *a joint*
24. Swarm of fishes just spawned
25. The world's art galleries contain many Old Masters which are this
26. Sensitive person usually feels a bad this intensely
30. Born
31. By way of

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The EDITOR'S MAIL

[In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month—some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.]

D. V. Sanghvi (Poona)

Has Chandramohan gained in any way in his film career by leaving Prabhat?

He doesn't seem to have lost much. Perhaps the best performance of his career, he gave in "Pukar". He has followed it up with another good one in "Bharosa." And now he earns four times more than he used to at Prabhat. Chandramohan is a born actor and should stand out any where.

V. M. Asher (Calcutta)

Why does Mahatma Gandhi condemn the cinema? Can't you prevail upon him to change his attitude and encourage the film industry?

The Mahatma is too old to improve now. And I don't want to waste his and my time in trying to prevail upon him. The film industry doesn't need the blessings of Mahatmas but the patronage of the masses to do its part in nation building. Let us all apply to getting more people to see our pictures and we shall have done our bit. That is the substance of the problem. The blessing is the mere shadow.

Madhava Rao (Chicacole)

To perpetuate the glorious memory of the late Mr. Himansu Rai I have a plan: (1) A biography of Mr. Rai by K. A. Abbas to be published at the expense of Bombay Talkies Ltd. (2) The net profits of the sale proceeds of the book, subsidized further by voluntary contributions from the public and the people in the industry, to be utilized for establishing an annual award called "Himansu Rai Memorial Award" to be given to the picture which has in the best way tried to spread the ideals of the late Mr. Rai. The Award should be a gold medal. (3) The Committee should be constituted as follows: Mrs. Rai, (President), Mr. Shantaram (Vice-President), Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall (Treasurer), Mr. Ahmad Abbas (Secretary and Organizer) and representatives of the different trade and technical and professional associations in the industry.

Don't you think that we can perpetuate the memory of a great artist in this way?

Sure, we can. Now, it is for the Secretary to move further in the matter. My support will always be there, whole-hearted and sincere.

B. K. R. Rao (Mysore)

It is a pity that Prabhat and N.T. pictures are released in Mysore at a small, rotten theatre with a single projector and bad accoustics. And this while there are good theatres in the City. In doing so, the charm of the pictures is lost. If these pictures are shown at better theatres, the producers will get better returns and people won't complain.

You have appealed to the conscience of the producers by showing them how to make more money. Producers have their conscience in their pocket. I hope, the producers concerned look into this matter carefully.

V. V. Karantha (Voderhobly)

Why are you so reluctant in publishing the photos of New Theatres' pictures and colour plates of their stars? Don't you think it is unjust?

It would be unjust if I was reluctant. But where are the photos to publish? Surely you don't expect me to run after B. N. Sircar and his provincial minions asking for photographs. I have no patience with people who do not know how to

That is Sarojini in "Deepak Mahal" a Mohan picture.

In "Bandhan," they sing and singing they step into your heart. Leela Chitnis and Ashok Kumar draw crowds at Roxy.

run their own business. I am always prepared to give free publicity to N. T. pictures for the sake of my numerous readers. But New Theatres seem to care a damn for my readers. They do not want to tell us what pictures they are producing. Then why talk of photos and art plates?

B. Saxena (Kasganj)

I wish either to marry or to act with Vasanti. What should I do?

Now, make up your mind first. You can't do both.

I am very much interested in the film industry. Will you please tell me in which company there are vacancies?

Sohrab Mody of Minerva Movietone, Sewri, Bombay, needs a hero. Had he had one he would not have given a role to Naval in "Bharosa". Sohrab helps every one, so you can safely apply to him.

Murthi Matam (Anantapur)

Scenes of drinking and smoking on the screen offend both imagination and sentiment. They look artificial and are quite disgusting. Why don't you with your paramount influence, lead a campaign against them?

Before I do that, they will ask me to stop drinking and smoking and I am not in a hurry to be a Mahatma. I shall leave the agitation to Ahmad Abbas—but even he smoked seven cigarettes when he saw "Andhi". And when he came out he looked as pale as when stepping out from a Chinese opium den. That picture made him a sinner, and since then he doesn't mind people doing things.

S. Abraham (Bombay)

Will Snehaprabha Pradhan go up the ladder of fame and beat the top liners?

Well, the girl can act and she has brains and talent. But pictures need good-lookers and she is definitely not one. Her features are not at all photogenic. But Ahmad Abbas thinks that she has the same chances as Kanan Bala. And Kanan Bala is not much of a good-looker either. Well, if Pradhan goes up as high as Kanan Bala, she will have gone enough. But I doubt, unless a new producer like Kishore Sahu takes a personal interest in her future career. I have no faith in the old brigade. And yet, let us see what she does in the next Bombay Talkies' picture!

U. Abdul Gafoor (Bangalore)

Why did Mr. Najamul Hussein, the hero of "Jawani-ki-Hawa" leave Bombay Talkies?

For the first time, the Indian screen gets an educational subject in this Naga dance picturised by National Studios. It will be released with "Sanskar" their next social picture.

It is too late to ask why. Other heroes have come in his place.

N. V. R. Sastry (Repalle)

Who is the best film journalist in India?

Baburao Patel. If you are disappointed, don't tell me. Keep it a secret. It is something, I, too, don't believe.

Akbar Ali Khan (Amritsar)

The actress whose photo you have enclosed with a request for her name and address, is Miss Yasmin (Betty Gomes in private life) and stays at Rail View, Vincent Road, Dadar, Bombay. She is a great girl to know and remarkably intelligent.

P. C. Mathur (Barreily)

Please let me know the names of Mathur actors and actresses?

I know one in Motilal. Isn't he enough? Why do you want more? They seem to be a boisterous clan.

M. S. Vedantham (Madras)

Almost all the fans of Madras say that the recent pictures of New Theatres like "Kapal Kundla", "Jawani-ki-Reet" and "Zindagi" ("Andhi" is not released here) are far below their old standard. It is a pity that a studio which once produced very good pictures should so miserably fail in recent productions. Who, do you think, is responsible?

Fans in Madras are right. They pay for the pictures and they have a right to expect better value for their money. But when I say that the N. T. standard has come down, .the .producers' minions get wild, though I tell the truth. I blame only one man, Mr. B. N. Sircar. If he makes up his mind to give us better pictures, he can in future as well as he did in the past.

Are they in love? Bhanumati and Hanmanthrao in "Dharma Patni."

Charan Singh (Sargodha)

Which is the best managed cinema in Bombay?

The Roxy Talkies, where "Bandhan" is drawing huge crowds at present. Mr. Kevalchand Mehta who owns this beautiful theatre, manages it himself. That is how it should be. He is not a contractor taking up stables and turning them into theatres with paint and machinery on credit.

V. Bhadrirajan (Masulipatam)

It is the huge sale of your "filmindia" in the South that has been entirely responsible for the popularity and success of Hindusthani pictures in South India. Schools, colleges, clubs, libraries and even in hair-cutting saloons, we find "filmindia" in the South. I am sure that the paper is equally popular in other pro-

In "Raj Nartaki" the first Indian picture in English, Sadhona Bose makes rhythm a slave of her dainty feet and gives melody a breath of emotion. It is a Wadia enterprise.

vinces in India. Why don't you help the South Indian producers by popularizing their films in the other parts of India? Don't you think you will be doing a great service by balancing their economic budgets? You must do something to get them extra revenue from other provinces.

So often I have said that I am only too willing to do my bit for the South Indian film industry. But I can't serve unwilling masters. Look at your producers. Are they really anxious to spread their activities beyond South India? I doubt Otherwise my constant appeal for news and photographs would not have fallen on deaf ears. A business which for its very existence needs country-wide publicity is being denied its vital demand. How do you then expect the South Indian films to secure a market in the North? Even the free publicity which I often offer is not being taken advantage of by your producers. I guess some of them are too busy with their girls to worry about business. If that teaser excites them to action, I shall be only too happy.

P. K. Satpute (Sholapur)

What has become of K. C. Dey?

See "Andhi" and you'll know what has become of him. It is a cruel thought and still this is one occasion where his blindness is a blessing and saves him from heart-burning.

Daryanomal Dudani (Larkhana)

Why are the film actors called stars?

Probably because they are seen at night and shine in the dark.

Hardial Singh (Amritsar)

Have Sikhs a place in this industry? I can sing and act. I am educated and good looking. But I have a beard—a beautiful beard.

There is nothing wrong with Sikhs. They are as welcome as others, but in the acting side of the industry that beautiful beard of yours is going to prove a stopper. A beard for our heroes is not in fashion yet. The producers will have to find special roles for you. Try Sohrab Mody who will soon be producing a costume picture and it will save him the expense of a make-up if he takes you. We have some Sikhs already working in the industry. Two, I remember now, are Mula Singh, a sound-recordist and Harbans Singh, secretary to Rai Bahadur Chuni Lall. Both are very popular in spite of their aged beards on youthful faces.

V. Chhatra Pati (Hyderabad)

Who is Miss Sharda Ram Krishna who wrote that brilliant article on "Admi"?

She is a school teacher and teaches in a school at Dadar. She had promised to see me but she did not. Don't you think she writes well?

D. Appa Rau (Cocanada)

What is the age of Baburao Pendharkar?

That is one man whose age is difficult to tell. He is as old as the man of the mountains or as fresh as a new born babe. He has been playing the villain so long and villainy has an uncertain age. Still, a safe way to find out his age is to look at his playmate of the day. He is the age his mate wants him to be.

R. N. Vinaya (Agra)

Why are the actresses paid more than the actors?

Because the industry is run by men.

Narayana Arora (Simla)

I want to invest about three thousand rupees in some good film company. Can you tell me in which film company can I invest?

You can choose any from the three in the news: Bombay Talkies Ltd., National Studios Ltd., and Navyug Chitrapat Ltd. The first two are in Bombay and the last one is in Poona.

This is the complete family of a saint. "Narsi Bhagat" a Prakash picture threatens to create new box-office records.

Ruined by the Glamour of the Screen?

A Heart-rending Story of Hundreds of Young Boys And Girls Who Go Astray

Dreams That End in Gutters

By: Zahir B. Kureishi

If I were shooting this article rather than writing it, I would start with a fade-in on the personal columns of a newspaper, for it is there where, I have often in the course of my investigations, come upon the most miserable wreckage of youth possible.

More times than not the column reads:

"Darling Hari, I am willing to forgive you. Please come back or inform us of your whereabouts. Your old mother heart-broken. Your suffering father."

Now let me flash the pathetic story behind these 'distress' columns:

Gorgeous! Glamorous! Glittering! That is how the world looks upon the panorama of love and romance that is unfolded in the murky darkness of a cinema hall. The beautiful, clean cut profile of the bewitching heroine, the tender love scenes, the dazzling array of picked beauties-all give to this magical art of make-believe a charm of irresistibility.

But....

There is a sinister aspect of this 'glamorous' life that is hidden. It never sees the light of day. It just grows in the dark and dies in isolation..taking with it the pathos, the misery and the heart-break of many a tortured life.

THE HERO—a la MAJNU

It is this story that must be told. The tale of thousands and thousands of shattered hopes must be exposed. The flimsy glitter of the silver screen must be smashed and every bit be made to tell a story more pathetic, more grim and more dreadful than all those human dramas the film industry gives us.

It usually starts at the end of a show with the youngster imagining himself to be madly in love with the heroine. He begins pining *a la Majnu* fashion; and then it suddenly dawns on him that he, too. can fondle her, enjoy her caresses, smash bad 'uns to the point of jaws. He looks into the mirror. It conspires with his thoughts. Seen through his own eyes his face appears beautiful. There is no difference between him and the hero. In fact, he suspects, he is a wee bit better.

This handsome young man. M. D. Jaini of 309 Barrack Street, Meerut, a matriculate, seeks a job in any film studio. He is prepared to work as a clerk, peon, bearer, cooly, floor-cleaner or any work—as long as the work is in a film-studio. This young man also hopes to come to Bombay one day. Will it be the Mecca of his dreams or will he also be ship-wrecked on the rocks of glamour?

That is the beginning. "Bombay" is the Mecca of his dreams and to Bombay he comes determined to smash the gates and be flashed in huge neon lights.

Otherwise known as 'Zabak,' Mr. Kureishi is the popular columnist of the "Sunday Standard"

He does not come alone. His kind is legion. They come from far and near. From the heights of Srinagar, from the heat of Madras, from Delhi, Punjab and all the four corners of India. And it is not a 'he' always. SHE also comes. The glamour of paint. the sheen of silks, the smooth indolence of an easy life attract them....and like moths to a burning flame they flock.

The trek to Bombay is often a nightmare. Without money, friends and clothing they catch the first train to Bombay. They have not gone very far before they are detected by the ticket checkers and forced to alight. Nothing daunted they wait for the next train and thus one day they reach Bombay, the City of gold and glamour that has lured them from their homes.

PILGRIMS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

A youth that once came into my office with the appearance of a hunted convict confessed that he took six weeks to reach Bombay from Gujranwala in the Punjab. It was a harrowing story he told me through sobs and tears.

With tears trickling down his cheeks, the boy, he could have hardly been out of his teens, relat-

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ed to me how for days and days he had walked towards Bombay, picking up scraps of food from fakirs, sadhus and even beggars. He was repentant and begged to be sent home.

He had learnt his lesson and when I saw him off at the station he solemnly swore to me that he would continue his studies and never again think of becoming a film star.

Unfortunately these types are rare. Those who reach Bombay in comparative comfort and who still have some money left seem destined for worse plights. More often than not the wherewithals to reach Bombay are either stolen from parents or borrowed from friends. But whether they come in comfort or not, it does not matter for my story....the end is almost the same.

The first disappointment is met at the studio gate. The unromantic pathan, the Cerberus of the studio, brings them back to reality.

"NO ADMISSION" he thunders and with the wave of a menacing club convinces.

Nothing daunted, they come again the next day. The story goes on. Days fade into weeks and weeks become months....the pathan grows more familiar and with familiarity shows more contempt.

The presentable youth, who, on the first day had approached the studio gates, with knife-edged trousers and a coat to match, has now undergone a startling change. The pants have worn off, the coat is shabby (sometimes there is no coat, having been exchanged for a few meals) the shoes have lost their shine and shape....he is now a sorry figure, doubly so with the hungry look of abject misery dropping out of his very countenance He is now hunted by hunger and hopes.

MOHAN—THE MAJNU

But, let Mohan tell you his story as he told it to me, so that you can yourself realize the terrible toll 'glamour' is taking of our youth.

I met Mohan in one of those shadowy and miserable looking hotels down Frere Road. It did not take me long to sum him up. His long hair, side chops and the gaudy coloured scarf knotted around his neck....all told me as vividly as they could that here was a youth yearning for the screen.

When he learnt that I was a sort of a paperwalla he almost jumped with joy. "Probably you can introduce me to some film director?" he asked.

"Why?" I demanded.

It was then that he gave me a brief history of his career. Mohan, that is not his name, came from the Punjab after failing in the Matriculation Examination. He was of respectable parents and his brother is still a high railway official.

He had played a few roles in college dramatics, and evidently the success of them had gone to his head. So one fine day, he collected a hundred rupees and came to Bombay. The dreams he had fancied of film managers falling round his neck and offering him hero roles soon disappeared in the course of time. With the dreams vanished his small capital. A silver watch, a present from his mother on his 21st birthday, was pawned. His clothes one by one followed the watch, till he could no longer pay his rent, and was forced to work as a service-boy in the very hotel, in which he had once landed with great hopes of a glamorous film career.

I pitied the young man. He looked so forlorn and battered, and when I asked him what sort of a job would suit him he eagerly replied "anything from a coolie to a star, but in a film studio."

This is only one case. I could recite so many. But it is hardly necessary to do so. By the side-walks of Bori Bunder, on the pavements of Apollo Bunder, along the stretch between Dadar and Parel, outside the gates of every film studio you

E. Billimoria and Lalita Pawar make a splendid team in "Nirali Duniya" a Tarun picture.

WOMAN - THE MOTHER OF MAN!

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can see hundreds of these aspirants to film fame, begging, cajoling threatening the pathan to grant them entrance.

There they flock in their tawdry finery. Rain or shine, they are always there....living monuments of human despair.

GONE WITH THE WIND!

They no longer covet 'hero' roles nor do they hanker for careers any more....all that has gone with their respectability deep into the sloth and slush of Bombay. It is jobs they want now; whether coolie, servant or tea-boy does not matter ....so long as they can cross the forbidden frontiers of the film studio outside whose gates they have come to realize all the pangs of starvation and all the miseries of the damned.

How long can humanity suffer? How long can the pangs of the stomach be suppressed? Alas, not for long. Man must eat, and from then onwards it does not matter from where the food comes....no job is too bad, no occupation too gross, no work too low. Gone with the wind are those dreams of glamour which once a heavy stomach helped to illustrate restless nights. The stomach was empty now and its pangs kept the eyes open through days and nights. Only the weight of food can now close the thin eyelids.

If you are observant enough and if you happen to be as inquisitive as I am, you may probably see the dreamer of film fame selling newspapers in the streets, or serving you single cups of tea in hotels, or you may even find him lurking in shady lanes waiting to guide you to brothels and prostitutes.

Even this is not the end. From this desperate plight to crime is but a small step, and most of these 'glamour' struck young men take the fatal step.

I cannot relate here within the confines of this short article all the sordid details of the gradual decline of the hapless youth who happens to come to Bombay in search of film fame. Homeless, friendless and penniless his end is slow but sure.

LEILA IN SEVERAL BEDS

The woman's story is still more pathetic. Her's is a problem that affects the very roots of society.

The young girl who leaves a sheltered home and hearth and sometimes even a college for the glamour of the screen is soon disillusioned.

Unlike the male of the species, she is often received with open arms, literal embraces. Unscrupulous men in film studios, like hungry birds of prey, await her arrival as a choice tit-bit.

She is flattered, petted and fawned. All the artifices of the seducer are practised on her. She is promised a film career and made to believe that she is to become the 'screen sensation' of the year.

The promises, hopes and dreams melt in the morning when she wakes up in a foreign bed. That is the beginning of the end.

The story goes on, she drifts from bed to bed. Her glamour gradually wears off the end is written with a red lantern or a parrot case in the window of some decrepit building—an eloquent epitaph over a soul that was once a woman.

Countless are the women in Bombay who will tell you with tears in their eyes of the happy homes they left behind in search of film fame. Some are bitter, some just shrug their shoulders and resign their fate to *kismet*, while most of them develop into hardened hussies. This is where the trail of the elusive film glamour ended for them....in the gutters of Bombay, where food demanded the price of human flesh and blood.

I could give you an endless list of the women who have had to sell bodies and souls to appease the hunger in their stomachs while in search of a film career, but would it be any use?

No. It would not. For as long as there is glamour attached to the screen, youth will come. And we cannot take away glamour from the screen and leave anything behind.

Thus an industry that is born of make-believe has to be fed with the blood of battered youth, the agonies of despair and shattered hopes of countless hearts—a sad case of realism helping illusion.

But cannot the juggernaut of destruction as it passes on, from glitter to glamour, pause awhile to look upon the pulp it has left behind of them who have sacrificed their everything on the altars of film fame?

No! Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.

And here's Sarojini and Bacha together in "Dipak Mahal" a Mohan picture.

MAN OF MANY MOODS, AND MASTER OF EVERY SITUATION!

HE WON HEARTS LIKE A GOD; AND CONQUERED HIMSELF LIKE A MAN!

The Headmaster Hero

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Dialogues : J. S. CASSHYAP,

Lyrics : PRADEEP,

Music : SARASWATI DEVI, RAMCHANDRA PAL,

Photography : R. D. PAREENJA,

Sound : S. B. VACHA.

College Girls Think Aloud in Private

Startling Secrets Revealed For The First Time

Which Pictures Do They Like And Why ?

By: Miss Zeenath Zahara B.A. (Hons)

Public taste has been and still continues to be an important factor in all popular Art, a factor the importance of which cannot be underrated or ignored by one who creates a Film. For, unlike the drama, the film is essentially a "Thing of the Hour," and the producer cannot set any store by posterity or the better judgment of generations to come. Hence it is of vital importance that the producer should keep his fingers on the pulse of the public and while catering to their taste, should endeavour to reform and refine.

Producers are continually being kept in touch with what men want; but it is of equal importance for them to know what the demands of the other sex are on them. I don't presume to speak on behalf of all my sex, but I know with what expectations a college girl goes to a picture-house. Considering the over-whelming number of cine-goers from among college girls, their opinions should have some weight with our producers, if they wish that more and even more college girls should see their pictures.

This article, which is written at the express request of Mr. Baburao Patel, is frankly a labour of research amongst numerous college girls who were questioned and counter-questioned with regard to their demand in their daily entertainment fare. The girls spoke without any reserve and as I have promised not to divulge their names I give below a short summary of their views:

THIRTY-MEN-AT-A-STROKE PICTURES

Thrillers, to say the least, are our abhorrence. What purpose, numan or divine, is served by presenting on the screen the gymnastics of horses and dogs, one fails to understand? Is it the escape of our producers from the study of man whose mystery is beyond their comprehension? The sight of an unnecessarily large woman clad in an apologetic knightly costume, knocking down "thirty men at a stroke" is plainly not inspiring, not to say repulsive. It is nauseating.

Sitara plays a great role in "Pooja" an A. R. Kardar picture of National Studios.

A stupid-looking sandow is shown as a young man who embodies all that is good and desirable. He tights single-handedly a band of scoundrels who have no streak of humanity in them. They are, in spite of their numbers, vanquished by the hero, who, while brandishing his sword on their dead bodies, becomes a text-book "Romeo" to a coquettish "Juliet."

If this is life, the world is not a desirable place to live in, and "the sheer joy of living" can no more be ours. I have yet to see a girl who does not shrug her shoulders or make a grimace at the mention of a thriller. And yet, however, a slight interest has been aroused, of late, in Nadia. A student of psychology, while unravelling to us the mystery of the mind of man, startled us by uttering what seemed an utter blasphemy. According to Freud, she said, women like such women who are manly in bearing. To strengthen her argument she gave two instances. Queen Christina from history, and from the contemporaries "Fearless Nadia".

Thanks Zeenath Zahara! You have done it well.

GIRLS RUSHING TO SAINTS

Pictures with mythological themes are not much to the taste of college girls; though they wax enthusiastic before elders on such films and their moral content. Even among themselves they don't openly express their dislike, for fear of being stigmatised "too modern" by the rest. After listening to their vociferous admiration of "Saints" it is singularly surprising to see the small number of girls who see the mytho-

logical films. But there are some who sincerely appreciate films with mythological themes, and let go no opportunity of "rushing to a Saint."

If a girl sees a mythological picture, be sure she is either a theosophist or a research scholar in Sanskrit and there are not many scholars of Sanskrit or theosophists among college girls. They are more this-worldly and materialistic. This is no disparagement of pictures like "Tukaram" and "Tulsidas", but it is just how they feel about them.

THE TAJ—THE SYMBOL OF HUMAN LOVE

Historical pictures are liked and appreciated provided they are well presented and cleverly directed. Mere chronicling of facts is the business of the historian, and to attempt to emulate him in his job is futile for a producer. Human emotions ought to be diffused into historical facts, and the past should be made to rise before the eyes of the spectators as a living, pulsating reality to guide the present. It should not be merely history—for better qualified men are in charge of that branch of knowledge—but a piece of art vividly reviving life as it existed then. The Taj commemorates the death of a Queen, but the imagination of the artist has brought human emotions to bear on the cold marble, and the result is a monument to love which has beauty, poetry, music, and, more than all, a message.

If a producer wishes to produce a historical picture he should have the Taj as his ideal. Of the historical pictures, "Pukar" came near it, but a few but grievous faults marred an otherwise artistic perfection. Undue importance was attached to Sangram Singh, and he, with his convulsively stagy gesticulations, was a sore to the eyes.

Sheela was wrongly cast. Was she put in to set off the proverbial beauty of Nur Jehan? The high light of the picture was, however, Chandramohan whose beautiful diction and superb performance eclipsed the convulsive Sohrab Mody and consumptive looking Sheela and a hundred small and big things which without Chandramohan's overwhelming personality would have gone unnoticed. Naseem looked Nur Jehan, beautiful and queenly.

Yakub seems to be doing things in other studios too. Here he is in "Thief of Tartar" a Mohan picture.

OUR FAVOURITE PICTURES

Social pictures are undoubtedly the most favourite with us. But it is here that our producers are most disappointing. The number of the worthless social pictures that have been produced in recent years is appalling. The directors set out to give both instruction and entertainment, and end by giving neither. When they stick to instruction, they sermonize, and make the characters speak out-of-character, long, tiring and artificial speeches on morality, goodness, and other time-worn virtues. If they wish to give us entertainment, they end by being funny themselves, and the spectators return laughing at their own stupidity in having seen the picture. One admires the unending courage of our producers in repeating these mistakes over and over again.

It is refreshing to find about a dozen really good social pictures like "Admi", "Unexpected", "Adhikar," "Bari-Didi", "Thokar", "Woman", "Bhabi" etc. These are by far the best social pictures that have been produced in India. These are the pictures which satisfy to a more or less extent all the essentials of a good social film. Each was an attempt in its own way, to solve the social problems of India which are many and varied; pictures, which, while they portrayed life in all its stark and grim reality, infused in us the courage to shake off languor and shedding the rotten time-honoured conventions, to head on towards progress and happiness.

CHOCOLATE-CHEWING GIRLS

"Admi" has been, perhaps, the most hotly discussed picture of the year. There is a "strong minority" (to borrow from Jinnah) of girls who quarrel with its title and its ending. They are, most of them from the upper middle class, who talk to dazzle and are intolerant of opposition. They get to know life through romantic novels where the hero rescues the damsel-in-distress, and marries her as the prize of his bravery and prowess.

The death of the hero or the heroine is unthinkable to them; for it is not in keeping with their knowledge of the world which is peopled by men who are brave and chivalrous and damsels who are all darlings. They are escapists like Keats, but without his genius. There

is no one who has not liked "Admi" —the majority for its all-round excellence, and the minority for the dance and the many-language song of Shanta Hublikar. One college girl even went to the extent of giving a mimicry performance, and it was not in vain that she had seen the picture half a dozen times.

A student of literature who has a passion for epigrams, went to see "Adhikar" with us. She sat through it to the end. When asked her opinion she held her head high and in an affected voice said "I enjoyed two things—the Interval and the Chocolate". "Brilliant", whispered another, ',but where did she get the latter?"

BETWEEN BARUA AND SHANTARAM

Barua pictures are as popular as those of Shantaram's. Shantaram is more universal in his appeal, and Barua more deep. I am afraid girls of lower classes fail to understand him, but Barua always guards himself against it by putting in some singing idol like Kannan or Saigal. "Zindagi" was in the beginning dismissed as a "glorious irrelevance," but it took three pilgrimages to the picture-house to call it "a beautiful child of the fatalistic Barua."

There are a considerable number of girls—all from the lower middle

Durga Khote in "Narsi Bhagat" a Prakash picture.

class—who are steeped in the philophy of life of the Victorian era. They read Wordsworth and Browning all day, and talk of "messages". They cannot bear to see any weakness in a hero or a heroine, even though the very weakness is a point of strength. Men are either Gods or Devils. They are never human beings—erring and repenting. After seeing "We Three" one such girl, flushing with indignant horror, remarked of the heroine who happened to beget a child without marriage "she is a prostitute." But many less morally indignant girls liked the heroine for the strength of her character.

POOR ASHOK KUMAR

"Bhabi" and "Kangan", the two good ones of Bombay Talkies, were exceedingly popular. Renuka and Leela Chitnis exacted unqualified praise. When, after seeing "Kangan" we came out of the theatre, a girl remarked "who was the hero"? I saw two heroines, "Kamal" (acted by Ashok Kumar) and "Radha". "How naughty of her, yet how true!" wondered another.

"Vidyapati" was simply adored. It was a poem, a lovely lyric with the mellifluous music of a lyric. It elated, it intoxicated. After seeing the picture one felt like having read an exquisite lyric of Shelley or of Tagore—sheer poetry, melodious music that lingers in the memory and mysticism that defies—analysis and is beautiful because of that.

Pictures like "Bramhachari" and "Ardhangi" are a craze. Will our producers take note of this? If this kind of satirical comedies are produced they will keenly compete with the artistic triumphs of Shantaram and Barua.

Sardar Akhtar, Sitara and Jyoti give a drama atonce young and old in "Pooja" an Abdul Rashid Kardar production of National Studios.

Kardar-India's Ever-Smiling Director!

Is That Charming Smile An Act?

Life-Story Of The Man Who Made "Pagal"

"Come, dear, have dinner with me", said someone in a sweet and melodious voice and a soft hand touched me lightly on the shoulder.

I turned round in the hope of finding a bewitching beauty angling for a colour plate in "filmindia". Instead, I found Abdul Rashid Kardar smiling sweetly as courtiers have smiled in India through ages.

They were all there. For, Abdul Rashid Kardar, true to the one-time traditions of his ancestors, moves about with a court of his own. Sunny, Sadiq, Bapuji, Nawab Khan and ten others—their names don't matter as their trade-mark is "Kardar"—they were all there, burning incense of emotion to their deity and in their faces I found the reflection of their master's inimitable and charming smile which often cloaked a laugh within. For these courtiers laugh when Kardar smiles and scowl when Kardar smiles less. For, Kardar never scowls. Nor did his ancestors.

A RELIC

Elegant, polished and artistic Kardar is born more for a Nawab's drawing room than for the rough and tumble life of a hard-working studio executive.

With a smiling wife and a loving child, Kardar still flirts with a book in a bed.

It is the art in him that has made him a devotee of the screen.

In his business of creating illusion, Kardar himself is a charming reality of an illusory past when courtiers smiled politely in the face of death and men fought courtesy-duels for their sweethearts. Not that Kardar does any of these things now, but for some reason or other, his sweet chivalrous manner conspiring with his cold disarming smile does remind one of the times of Akbar and Aurangzeb when men claimed their descent from nothing short of the Sun and the Moon and took to bed the woman which the eye loved and the heart craved for.

To the stranger, Kardar is still an illusion—a relic of the old times—mystic and difficult to read.

And strangely enough, the hot sweltering plains of the Punjab, in their intense fury of mid-October yielded this cool customer to the world of movies.

Abdul Rashid Kardar was born on the 11th October 1904 at Lahore.

To him we cannot credit with the thrilling romance of poverty and its time-honoured struggles. The Kardar's were a prosperous family of Punjab, and Abdul Rashid opened his eyes in a comfortable household rich in the material gifts of life.

His childhood was spent under the devoted care of his parents and Abdul Rashid was soon sent to a school.

No one ever accused young Abdul Rashid of being a scholar and perhaps to remove all possible doubts from loving minds he managed to fail in the Matriculation. With impressionable kids like Kardar school studies ill-matched with picture shows and Kardar would run to a show house with greater zest than to a school.

Very soon Francis Ford. Eddie Polo and Ruth Roland took the boy in hand and the day these screen idols took their places in the young

Abdul Rashid Kardar—He doesn't smile here, but he need not now.

and anxious heart, Kardar, the movie artist, was born.

ACTOR FOR A DAY

From then onwards young Kardar became a dynamo of action. Dressed with a disarming smile, that incomparable ally of his success, he came to Bombay in 1922 and presented himself before Mr. Homi Master at the Kohinoor Film Company as an actor who knew "every thing from stunt-riding to tea-cup balancing." Homi Master asked him to give an acting demonstration and young Kardar made faces and got into the company.

But the very next day, tired of sitting in the actor's room he strolled into the studio, presumably to observe and learn. Cameraman Narayan Devare was shooting for Director Homi Master and Devare caught Kardar watching the stars with a too frank admiration.

Devare, always a man of nerves, ordered the young man out of the studio. He didn't stop at that. He compelled the proprietor Mr. Dwarkadas Sampat to dismiss Kardar immediately. The studio pathan did the rest.

Little did Devare know that in the man he had sent out, one of India's future prominent directors was driven out. To-day as fate would have it, when Kardar shoots at the National Studios, Devare looks on from outside.

Fate has its cruel little jokes on men and the joke is on Devare to-

day, the once proud cameraman of Kohinoor. Dwarkadas Sampat, the proprietor of Kohinoor Film Co., is an unknown man to-day. Director Homi Master is also an obscure name. While Kardar who was once kicked out of a studio so unceremoniously is to-day a much-sought-after director in our film industry.

And still the smile with which young Kardar once came to Bombay has not left him. As a successful man, he needs it more now than ever before. Its full effect is felt when it is turned on with a sharp focus on producers and journalists.

The next man to give Kardar a chance of acting as an extra "Arab" was Director Misra. Disgusted with these chances, Kardar returned home to Lahore and for three years took up sketching and painting. The art in him cried for individual expression and painting the canvas allayed for a while the itching of the soul.

PROSPECTING ON HIS OWN

In 1926, however, Kardar got his first real part in "The Daughters of To-day" a Pioneer production of Lahore. Encouraged by this, he again came to Bombay and played another role in "Heer Ranja" featuring Sulochana and D. Billimoria.

Not satisfied with what he had done, he started his own producing company in 1928. It was known as the United Players Corporation. With finance on the mind and art in his soul, Kardar produced and directed seven pictures: "Mysterious Eagle", "Safdar Jung", "Brave Heart", "The Shepherd" "Golden Dagger", "The Masked Bandit" and "The Wandering Dancer".

And then the talkies came and the silent smile, that had sustained a pretty-sized producing company faded for a time.

In 1931, again Kardar caught fire and produced the talking version of "Heer Ranja". But it failed and for the umpteenth time Kardar again found himself a pauper, rich only in that inevitable smile of his.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN

By now, this indomitable hunter had tasted enough blood not to leave the chase. He took himself to Calcutta in 1932 and joined the East India Film Company as a director.

And then came pictures like: "Aurat-Ka-Pyar", "Chandra Gupta", "Baghi Sepahi" and "Sultana."

Shooting "Sultana", he fell ill and for a full year that charming smile of his was constantly shadowed by impending death. But once again he won smiling through that illness.

"Baghi Sepahi" had given him a good reputation and making two more pictures "Milap" and "Mandir" in Calcutta, Kardar joined General Films Ltd., and came to Bombay exactly twelve years after his previous debut as an actor in the city.

Kardar's first picture in Bombay was "Baghban" and it proved a tremendous success. Offers poured in from all sides and since then he has directed "The Kick", "Holi" and "Pagal" for Ranjit Movietone of Bombay.

To-day he is working on "Pooja" a social picture of National Studios and still that haunting smile of confidence which often mocks but always pacifies is yet the best asset of the man.

Kardar has now settled down in Bombay with his family and courtiers and the way he has entrenched himself in the hearts of the cinegoers, we expect many more pictures from him.

STILL SMILING AS EVER

The producers remember "Baghban", "Baghi Sepahi" and "Holi" and say that Kardar is a paying director. The critics remember "The Kick" and "Pagal" and say that Kardar is a good director.

Between the two, Kardar smiles and one doesn't know whether he is mocking or appreciating. Eighteen years back he started from home, dressed with that smile to conquer the film field. Many a victory has he won in all these years and to-day he can afford to cast that smile aside.

But he still wears it, perhaps as his only armour of defence. Is the smile natural or does the man act? Let the future answer that question.

"Come, dear, let's go for the dinner", comes again the smiling, suave request and inspite of yourself you allow yourself to be gently pushed into a chair to partake of a generous hospitality for which the Kardars have been known.

That is Abdul Rashid Kardar the ever-smiling film director of India.

Kardar must shave every day. His winning smile needs the sheen of a smooth skin to make it more effective. Mrs. Kardar is the loving, devoted wife who understands her husband probably as much as the world does.

JAISHREE—Look at her and see what a charmer Shantaram has made of her. He seems to have put new life into her and looking thus she will come to the screen in "SHEJARI" and prove what an art-loving director can do to a budding artiste.

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ANIS KHATOON—Returns to the screen in "Padosi" the next social picture of Prabhat which Mr. Shantaram is directing. Renewing her acquaintance is going to be a pleasure seeing that Shantaram has taken her on.

THE CHINESE FILM

ITS SHORT HISTORY AND SCOPE

By D. G. TENDULKAR

The advent of motion pictures in China precedes the formation of the Chinese Republic by some eight years, for it was in 1904 that motion pictures were first brought into the country by an enterprising Spaniard, Senor Ramos.

Since then the cinema industry in China has made a steady progress. Films are shown today even in the remotest districts and into the well-nigh inaccessible interior, where communications are yet undeveloped and in some cases transportation of films by airplanes has to be resorted to.

Prior to the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities it was estimated that there were slightly over 300 theatres (excluding of course the improvised cinema houses in the Chinese villages) with an aggregate seating capacity of approximately 255,000 persons. Of this total which includes Hong Kong and Macao, but excludes Manchuria, about 250 theatres were fitted with sound projectors with seating accommodation for 214,000 persons.

Certainly not an imposing achievement for a nation of 400 millions. But the immense possibilities ahead and the intelligent and forceful use of the cinema and the quality of pictures and the intelligent and selfless people engaged in the film industry today assure a great future for the Chinese cinema.

WHY PROGRESS IS SLOW

For us in India the study of Chinese films is useful because their problems are more or less similar to ours. Though several dialects are spoken in China, vast majority of the Chinese understand Mandarine—the standard Chinese language. The nature of the Chinese script is such that it conveys meaning to all whatever dialect one might speak in different provinces of China. Naturally all pictures speak Mandarine (except in Kwantung, a Province with a population of 30 million, where they produce pictures in their own dialect for local consumption and overseas Chinese from Burma, Singapore etc.)

The motion picture business in China may be conveniently divided into the distribution of foreign films and the production of the Chinese. Prior to the coming of sound, the exhibition of foreign films was highly remunerative—because pantomimes are easily understood everywhere—but the advent of the talkies and of the Chinese films have changed the situation.

Production of motion pictures in China started as early as 1909. It was under foreign management and capital; but it did not last long.

There was another attempt during the Peking regime. The late Chow-Tzu-chin, sometime Finance Minister and Prime Minister organized the Peacock Motion Picture Company with the co-operation of certain Americans but owing to his death the production of films was discontinued. The most successful picture of this company was "The Dream of the Red Chambers".

The Commercial Press Limited was the pioneer Chinese concern to enter the picture production field and made its advent in 1917 but abandoned production in 1927. Its important role was to give an opportunity to Chinese cinema workers to train themselves under foreign film technicians, whose services were later dispensed with because their pay was much too high.

So the real Chinese film production is only twenty years old.

SOUND FILMS AND AFTER

First Chinese sound film was made by the Star Motion Picture Company from a play by Hung Shun, a noted Chinese dramatist. It was exhibited in 1931.

Before the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese hostilities there were probably 50 studios in all and most of them in and about Shanghai. Over half of the total production goes to the credit of three companies—The Star Motion Picture Company, The United Photoplay Company, and The Unique Pictures. Aggregate raw film used in China in 1936 was 265,520 feet.

The most popular picture—"A Fisherman's Song" which had a first run release of 81 days (a record run

A Scene from "The Lone Battalion"

in China) was produced by the United Photoplay Service. The picture was shown at Soviet Cinema Festival (1935) in Moscow, which was my first opportunity to get acquainted with the Chinese films. In Moscow this picture was highly commended and received Honour Certificate for 'the bold attempt at realistic portrayal of the life and noble qualities of the Chinese people in the film." Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Dovzhenko were among the members of the jury.

The Chinese Government have in recent years taken keen interest in the film industry. Notable work has been done by the Motion Picture Direction and Guidance Committee of the Central Kuomintang Quarters.

Elaborate government-owned Central Movie Studio was formally opened in 1935 ,situated in picturesque island in Lotus Lake near Nanking. In conjunction with the Chinese Institute of Educational Cinematography, shorts of natural science, sanitation and hygiene, were produced by this studio. Also long feature films, most noteworthy of which is "Sacred Password"—a true story of the revolutionaries in Kweichow was produced.

In 1936, Ministry of Education manifested an active interest in cinematography. It opened the Central Institute of Technology which devotes great deal of energy to the teaching of different phases of cinematography.

CHINESE MOVIE SCHOOL

Almost simultaneously, plans for the creation of a "Movie School" were announced by the Great China University of Shanghai. The plans include courses in direction, scenario writing, editing, stage set up, acting, photography etc. Notable cinema workers were on the teaching staff. It is a four year course for a B.A. degree in that branch.

Being hampered by an inadequate capital, the Chinese cinema industry could not afford to purchase the latest equipment used in America. The best movie cameras in China today, for instance, are those which had been rejected by Hollywood five or six years ago. And necessary equipments such as the background projectors have never been used in the Chinese studios, because they are too expensive.

In spite of such difficulties not a few Chinese directors have succeeded in producing pictures of pretty high artistic standard.

STORIES WITH SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

Chinese scenario writers have begun to introduce new themes in preference to those of amorous nature. "Wandering Kids" presents the problem of educating poor children; "Son of a Slave" shows class consciousness of modern workers; "Rights of Women" brings up the problem of women's vocations; "At the Crossroads" deals with the unemployment problem. More and more noted Chinese dramatists have taken to scenario writing. In the early stages of its development until 1931, the Chinese motion picture was looked upon by men of letters as a thing below their dignity, to take up. Now, scenarios of most Chinese pictures are written by renowned dramatists such as Tien Han, Yang Hansheng and many others.

With the removal of the capital to Chunking, and the occupation of the coastal towns by the Japanese, the Central Movie Studio went to that Szechuan city. There, by the side of Kialing River, it is now resuming its work with undiminished vigour.

While the private movie corporations have ceased production and the Central Movie Studio is re-establishing itself the China Motion Picture Corporation, a subsidiary of the Political Department of the National Military Council, is now trying to fill the gap. This corporation was started about five years ago, as the division of Cinema Education under the Political Training Department in the Generalissimo's Headquarters. As an integral part in the war of resistance, the China Motion Picture Corporation has produced films of patriotic nature—"Protect Our Home", "Our Last Stand", "Fight To The Last", etc.

Pictures in the process of being made are "Struggle", "I am a War Refugee", "Air Hero's Death", "Victory of Taierchwang", "Fisherman of the South", etc. The titles themselves suggest the nature of these films.

A Scene from "Fight to the Last"

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Our Review

"Diamond Queen" Advocates Democracy

Fearless Nadia's Fearful Exploits

Homi Wadia Gives Another Crowd-Catcher

I am unequal to the job of reviewing a Wadia thriller, as this is the first one I have seen in the Indian thriller variety.

To be on the safe side I took four experts with me—my four children between 8 and 15—and according to them Nadia was marvellous in "Hunterwalli." They also remembered how she fought then and how long and how well. They also knew the story the other way round. They recalled other stories like "Hurricane Hunsa" and "Punjab Mail" and began a long discourse on Nadia's exploits. I tried to take part in the discussion but not having seen the previous pictures, I was brow-beaten. My children told me that I had missed a lot. After seeing "Diamond Queen" I guess they were right.

When you see a Wadia thriller, your habits have to be re-organized. You must sit on the extreme edge of the chair and keep your fists clenched in the boxing on-guard pose. In between you must jump up and shout "Come on Nadia, give them tight." If you have a friend sitting close by you must either shake him vigorously or slap his thighs tight or better still pinch him well. This must be done at least ten times during the two and half hours to enjoy the entertainment effectively. The friend doesn't mind it. He is in the same mood and returns the compliment with equal sincerity and vigour. In these thriller theatres, I think, the chairs are unnecessary seeing that so little of them is being used. Cross poles would be more suitable.

And at the end of it all the smallest one of eight turns round and tells you "Papa, I love Nadia." That is where the romance of a thriller begins.

NADIA—she is an event in the Indian film industry. A charming woman, Nadia can be a lovable friend not only to the youngsters but also to grown-ups.

DIAMOND QUEEN

Producers: *Wadia Movietone*
Film Story: *Jamshed Wadia*
Dialogues & Songs: *Munshi Sham*
Photography: *R. P. Master*
Recording: *K. M. Contractor*
Music: *Madhavlal Master*
Cast: *Nadia, Radha Rani, John Cavas, Sayani etc.*
Released At: *Lamington Talkies*
Date of Release: *3rd August 1940*

Director:—HOMI WADIA

SMELLS OF A THEME

But as I saw the picture, I traced a suspicion of a theme underlying the mad melee of fights and thrills.

Jamshed Wadia wrote and produced "Diamond Queen" without giving us a warning.

As the producer himself told me, there seemed to be a method in this madness.

The whole of it happens in "Diamond Town" but the town is the least part of it and out of the methodical chaos looms out a plea for better government by the rulers, an urge for democracy and even an argument for healthy and intellectual living.

"Punjab-ka-Beta", the most natural Wadia star drawing Rs. 375 a month all found.

But the doses of instruction are given in such minute and palatable form that while you are being entertained, you don't realize that you are also being taught. I think, it is the right measure of instruction for the average audience—which is under 15—that makes this type of entertainment popular.

GOOD PRODUCTION VALUES

The photography and the specialized technique of thrills used surprised me a lot. Evidently, these producers know their job well. The final chase in which the heroine closes in with the villain and is saved from destruction in the last fraction of a second does become a thrilling episode even for a hardened critic like me.

Nadia, the brass-knuckled heroine of the movies, gives brilliant glimpses of womanhood whenever her face lights up with that spontaneous smile of hers. And does she act? She is action every minute.

"Rolls - Royce -ki-Beti" — the rickety yet reliable box-office attraction. Jamshed Wadia bought her for Rs. 50 from M. Bhavnani five years back. If Bhavnani had only hired her he would have probably made more money that way than by producing pictures.

Radha Rani, a charming girl with a sweet voice, gives a couple of songs in her self-chosen role of a school-teacher. The pity is, we don't have many such school teachers to encourage the parents to take a greater interest in their children's studies.

And this picture needs some direction to give it all that pep and speed in addition to good editing.

Well, I can't make up my mind yet whether this type of entertainment can be used to stimulate the adult-cinema-goer. I propose to see a few more Wadia thrillers, before I give a decision on this subject. In the meanwhile, I would ask my readers to follow me in this experiment by doing the same thing. It is quite likely that we may arrive at the same conclusion.

"Padosi" in making at the Prabhat Studios. Director Shantaram is watching Keshavrao Date in one of those inimitable character portrayals for which the veteran actor is known.

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AGAIN

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"DIAMOND QUEEN"

HAS BROKEN ALL RECORDS
AT ALL CENTRES.

AGAIN....

THE
NUMBER ONE
COMPANY

GOES AHEAD
WITH

SADHONA BOSE
IN

RAJNARTAKI

MADHUCHANDA

SUPPORTED BY

PRITHVIRAJ ★ AHIN CHOWDHURY

IN BENGALI, HINDI, ENGLISH

AND....

A Scroll of Love From A Classic Tale

MANTHAN

WITH

RADHA RANI ★ S. MANSOOR

Our Review

"Bandhan" Becomes A Beautiful Picture

Sweet Music Makes Sweeter Entertainment

Producer Mukherjee's Brilliant Tribute To The Memory Of His Great Master

"Beautiful Bandhan" is the final verdict of fans and critics alike. "Beautiful Bandhan"—in those two words is symbolised the brilliant tribute of Producer S. Mukherjee to the memory of the late Mr. Himansu Rai. A son could not have done more for a father than this disciple has done for his guru.

He has carried on the splendid traditions of his late Master and in doing so kept the Bombay Talkies at the top where it belongs.

Here is a glorious example of what discipline and training combined with honesty of purpose can do in the field of film production.

In "Bandhan" Himansu Rai is not forgotten. He is remembered more to-day than ever before. His "boys" have carried further the good work he once began and how proud must be the spirit of the father who gave his life for the institution he gave birth to.

BANDHAN

Producers: *Bombay Talkies*
Screen Play: *G. Mukerjee & A. Chakrabarty*
Lyrics: *Pradeep*
Dialogues: *J. S. Casshyap*
Photography: *R. D. Pareenja*
Recording: *S. B. Vacha*
Music: *Saraswati Devi and Pal*
Cast: *Ashok Kumar, Leela Chitnis, V. H. Desai, Master Suresh and others.*
Released At: *Roxy Talkies*
Date of Release: *10th August* 1940

Director:—N. R. ACHARYA

What is good and outstanding in "Bandhan"? I would answer that

S. Mukherjee, the producer of "Bandhan"

by asking another. What is not good about it?

"Bandhan" is a picture with an undefinable charm. It hypnotizes you with happiness and when you wake up, a pleasant memory of a short and beautiful dream lingers in your mind and you feel like going through that experience again and perhaps again.

That is why "Bandhan" is beautiful and its undefinable beauty can not be framed as beautifully in words as it has been done with art in celluloid.

SIMPLE VILLAGE ROMANCE

The story is simple and simply told. Beautiful Beena-Leela Chitnis—the daughter of a village Zamindar does not like the new youthful village headmaster, because her brother Ram talks such a lot about him.

Then one day she meets him and falls in love with him. The headmaster—Ashok Kumar—reciprocates that love with equal sincerity. The story now takes a too familiar turn and introduces a scheming father and his son Suresh—Shah Nawaz—an England-returned product peculiar by his superficial sheen of civilization. Suresh is marked for marrying Beena to inherit the wealth of her father.

With fingers entwined and hearts mixed up Winayak and Meenaxi get into a wedlock in "Lapandav" a Navyug picture.

Beena's romance with the poor headmaster is not liked by these two villains and they set villainy going. Things soon become hot for the young headmaster who is compelled to leave the village, burning his love-boats behind. Beena to please her ailing father and dead mother has agreed to marry Suresh while loving Nirmal, the headmaster.

The climax is reached when Nirmal who returns to the school in the night to meet Beena, finds himself on the scene of a crime committed by Suresh. Nirmal is accused of attempting to murder Gouri, another young girl in the eye of Suresh.

Nirmal, however, keeps mum to protect Beena from a shameful compromise, to Bholanath, a lovable old teacher of the same school, clears the whole affair with his characteristic blundering ways and Nirmal and Beena are married at the very altar made ready for Suresh.

Thus ends a romance, which while it lasts, does not tear open your heart, does not give you sermons of philosophy but merely tells you a simple story of a village maiden in love with the village headmaster—which perhaps happens every day in our villages.

LEELA AND ASHOK

Once again Leela Chitnis, as was expected, gives a charming performance. With every scene she seems to grow younger and goes deeper into one's heart. She becomes the beautiful spirit of this beautiful picture. Her experiment in make-up, however—a slightly different one from "Azad"—was not successful. In trying to remove the natural defect in her nose, she painted the walls in amber and accentuated the highlight on the ridge. The result was that the nose looked a bit too drawn out and the walls too subdued. Besides, the amber was not worked into the base well and looked like a dark patch in indoor scenes. Had she powdered well after the paint, the contrast would not have been so obvious.

I, however, think that she need not accentuate the ridge of the nose. Doing so, makes her features too sharp and takes away a part of their natural mellowness. Where she actually needs the deep shade pencil is on the nostrils which are distended. A spot of amber well worked into the base will, in my opinion, do the trick. Why not try a number of screen tests with different experiments? It is an important problem to the producer where a principal star is concerned.

Ashok Kumar gives his usual good performance. V. H. Desai as Bholanath the old school teacher has a very sympathetic role in which he acquits himself well. There is no vulgarity in his appearing in towels in the presence of his daughter, as some prudish critics have chosen to think. It happens in Hindu homes every day and a Hindu daughter doesn't look at the father that way for the prudish to object.

Shah Nawaz is not much of an actor, but being suitably cast he seemed to do well in the role of "Suresh" the villain of the piece.

The little boy Suresh, of whom a lot is being made in the publicity, acts badly. His attempt to look sad was pathetic. Besides being camera conscious, he seemed to be too precocious for his age which took away all the childish innocence from his years. I am afraid he was wrongly cast.

Photography, sound and other technical values maintain the incomparable standard of the Bombay Talkies.

This review can not be concluded without mentioning the beautiful lyrics of Pradeep. How many can give the sweet melody which he gave to this picture?

By all means, see "Bandhan". The spirit of the late Himansu Rai is reborn in it.

Yes, Mukherjee, you have produced it the way the late chief would have it. Now, go ahead and give us another.

Sitara and Zahur Raja play hide and seek in "Pooja" and the girl soon has something to hide from the world. The secret becomes a drama for the National Studios, which Director Kardar has picturised.

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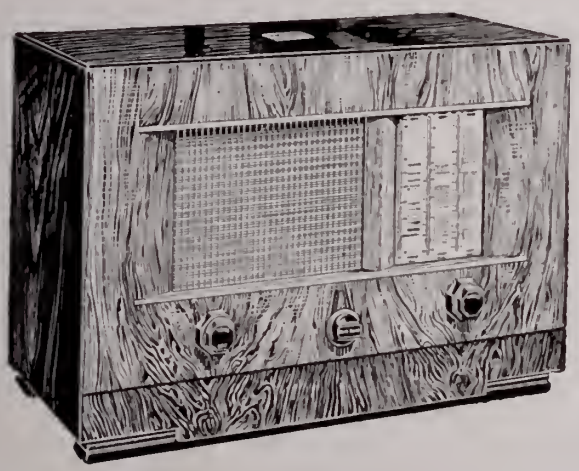

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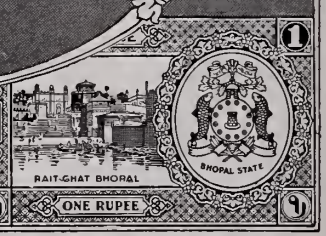

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Music To Aid the Art of Illusion

Vocal Gymnastics of South Indian Stars

Don't Choke Off Saigal

By: Miss T. C. Susheela, M. A.

MISS. T. C. SUSHEELA, M.A.

Owing to the excessive use of songs, in place and out of place, in South Indian pictures, critics have been provoked to take up the cudgels against what they deem as undue prominence assigned to music in films. It has even become the fashion of the day to cry hoarse against the introduction of music into the Talkie altogether. The criticism would have served its purpose if the South Indian stars would spare us from the *exhibition* of their musical talents (if any) which they consider as the chief aim of the picture. These vocal gymnastics, indulged in merely to display the musician's cleverness, are clearly detrimental to the illusory effect aimed at in a picture because the personality of the musician—his cleverness—becomes disturbingly obtrusive. This interferes with "the temporary suspension of the faculty of disbelief" which is necessary in all art.

CLOSING DOWN THE GOLD MINE

In the best North Indian pictures, however, the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. How can barely half-a-dozen songs in a picture that lasts from two to three hours satisfy? For instance, the chief attraction of an actor like Saigal lies in his music. His 'fans' all over India flock to his pictures not so much to see him, as to hear him sing in full throated ease. How can they rest contented with just four or five snatches hit off from the "gold mine" of his throat, though each may be a masterpiece in itself? The relegation of music far into the background with a vengeance seems to be the result, either of a misunderstanding or of deliberate disregard of the fundamentals of art.

Baby Radha and Miss Raju in "Dharma Patni" a Telugu picture of Famous Films.

POETRY AIDS ILLUSION

There appears to be a tendency in recent times to make out that the drama should be literally true to life. The function of drama—and the film is essentially drama broadcast—is doubtless "to hold a mirror up to nature." But this had led to some confusion, arising from the interpretation put upon the term "truth to life", or "truth to nature." Is it fidelity to *facts* of life that is meant by truth to life? If so, "literal truth" and "poetical truth" would be identical. But they are *not* identical, as has been repeatedly explained by critics since the time of Aristotle.

The function of the highest art is not so much to reproduce life realistically as to throw the hallow of artistic imagination around it, and re-present it clothed in "a light that never was on land or sea."

The best art aims not at realism but illusion.

In this illusory world, the language of prose, of every day conversation, is utterly inadequate to express intense emotions. Music is certainly a more effective medium for the expression of emotions than the pedestrian prose of every day parlance. The best proof of this is afforded by the ready response of the audience to situations of high emotional tension rendered on the stage through the medium of song.

MUSIC FOR EMOTIONS

Above all, it must be remembered that the majority of people go into the theatres not so much to see a bit of the real life around them caught in a camera, as it were, and reproduced before them for their information, as to escape at least for the time being from the real life in which they have been actively participating all day long.

They would naturally feel greater relief and joy by being transported into a new world where things exist as they *ought to* according to their conscious or sub-conscius conception. Such being the case, is there any doubt that music helps this function of the 'drama' by acting as a good solvent for petty and sordid interests of the worky-day-world and as a medium for the ex pression of idealized emotions?

Music manifestly aids art in its idealistic objective and so long as film stars refrain from indulging in a pedantic ostentation of musical skill, more music will be quite welcome from them.

THE LANGUAGE OF EMOTIONS

Besides, limitations of language impose a handicap upon the Indian film-industry, and it is high time that some device were found out to counteract it as far as posisble. A film produced in any one provincial

Vatsala Kumtekar in "Thief of Tartar" a Mohan picture.

language of India is naturally bound to be less attractive to the audience in other linguistic provinces. No doubt, Hindi films are exceedingly popular in South India. But that is because of their manifest superiority in *technique* over South Indian films. Really, it is in spite of the language difficulty that those people in the South who have not had the opportunity to learn Hindi, appreciate the Hindi films so much.

Even then, it is a pity that many of the subtleties of expression in Hindi, particularly humour, fall flat upon a South Indian audience the majority of whom have not got sufficient mastery of the language to enter into the delicacies of meaning and niceties of expression in the original.

It is, therefore, worthwhile considering how far film effects which are entirely dependent upon language—intricacies can be minimized.

Fortunately, there are several elements in a film other than language which can contribute to their success. For instance, music, dance gesture, facial expressions,—in short, everything that comes under what may be called "the universal language of emotions" are at the disposal of the film artist.

This does not mean that a film should be reduced to a mere opera or a pantomime. All that is intended is that the "language of emotions" should be given greater prominence in Indian films than the "language of the intellect". In making this statement, one has in mind, of course, mainly the North Indian films.

The Southern variety has to think of a good many other improvements before it starts thinking of its music; for, here music is still often employed to cover a multitude of 'sins.'

All the stars seem to meet in "Diwali" a Ranjit picture directed by Jayant Desai. Meet them in a line: Madhuri, Vasanti, Motilal and Ishwarlal.

Kicks and Kisses

A cute little thing with plenty of curves always supplies the angle in the eternal triangle.

* * * *

The girl who lies on the beach with the sunny-side-up gives an invitation for parking.

* * * *

When it comes to love some girls keep their fingers crossed and their men double-crossed.

* * * *

"Is petting a crime?"

"I don't know, I am out on probation."

* * * *

"She is his dream girl."

"No wonder she's a nightmare."

* * * *

"Nice eyes she's got."

"Yes, but there is a run in the left one."

* * * *

Some girls haven't one good reason, much less two, for wearing shorts.

* * * *

"What has Joe's absent-mindedness to do with your getting another manicure today?"

"He was holding my hand at the movie last night, got excited and started biting my nails."

* * * *

MODERN SUITOR

"Now that I've told you about my past, do you still want to marry me?"

"Sure, baby."

"I suppose you'll expect me to live it down?"

"Hell, no! I'll expect you to live up to it."

* * * *

"Ignorance is nothing but a disease."

"Don't kid yourself—you couldn't be that sick and still live."

* * * *

Boastful Betty: "A famous lawyer put his arm around me twice last night."

Naive Nettie: "I guess that's what they mean by, 'the long arm of the law'!"

IN LOVING MEMORY

Purer than the evening star,
Fairer than the falling snow,
Fresh as morning dew, you are
The noblest, purest girl I know.

* * * *

Heart aloof from passion's fires.
By all temptations unbeguiled;
Breast exempt from mad desires
Body clean and undefiled.

* * * *

No seductive charm can lure
You, who are determined to
Remain the Purest of the Pure...
I wasted several weeks on you.

* * * *

Some Parsi girls look as if they had been poured into the bathing suits—and had forgotten to say when.

* * * *

Strip poker is a funny game—the more you lose the more you have to show for it.

* * * *

When a girl is straight from the shoulder, she has no curves.

* * * *

What good is alimony on a cold night.

* * * *

An Anglo-Indian girl may be good for nothing, but she is seldom naughty for nothing.

* * *

People who live in glass houses have to take their bath at night.

* * * *

Don't cook up excuses unless you are willing to eat your words.

* * * *

It is every girl's ambition to marry a man who can support her in the manner in which she's been costumed.

* * * *

Only a cellophane wrapper can make a dressing gown in a nudist's camp.

* * * *

The only way you can get any fun out of a kiss is to give it to someone else.

He: "I have a mad, insane desire to crush you in my arms!"

She: "Now you're talking sense."

* * *

He: "I'll Kiss you on the chin!"

She: "Can't you raise your offer?"

* * * *

Many a man has got a one track mind—and it is a dirty track.

* * * *

Just because a girl has a divine figure, it doesn't mean that she is religious. Even Hell has angels.

* * * *

There is a food value in dates—if a girl has them with the right man.

* * * *

When a girl starts wearing loud clothes, she must be living on hush money.

* * * *

A girl may be as fit as a fiddle, yet it takes a beau to make her play.

* * * *

She: "Do you like my arm tight around your neck?"

He: "Yes, I enjoy a good he-and-she choke."

* * *

Many an old maid feels that the world owes her a loving.

* * *

I know a girl who is a communist's daughter and she has to give a share to everyone.

* * *

She: "A kiss speaks volumes."

He: "Let's start a library."

* * *

Love is just a lot of dame foolishness

* * *

A girl can't get sun tanned at the beach if it is a shady resort.

* * *

The trouble with most women is their trouble with most men.

* * *

A man wants all he can get and a woman wants all she can't get.

* * *

Love may be blind, but it knows its way around in the dark.

* * *

Every hard-boiled egg is always yellow inside.

* * *

Boys will be boys—if they were anything else the girls wouldn't have half as much fun.

Our Review

"Bharosa" Beats "Pukar" In Purpose!

Chandra Mohan's Solitary Good Performance!

A Better Picture Than The Previous Best.

A producer's effort must be judged by his own standard—standard which he has established for himself in his previous pictures. It will be idle to compare a Minerva picture with a Prabhat product, but it can certainly be compared with the previous productions of the same company.

Compared thus "Bharosa" has more purpose than "Pukar" because of its social theme, it is better directed than any previous picture of Minerva, it has better photography and sound than all Minerva pictures and it has more production values than "Pukar". "Defeat" and "The Will' put together.

I therefore welcome "Bharosa" as a sign of progress in future Minerva productions and congratulate Sohrab Mody, in whom the world may have a lot of "Bharosa" as is claimed in the numerous childish advertisements, but I had none.

FULL OF FAULTS AND YET

This new picture of Minerva cannot stand a critical analysis as it has nothing outstanding. It is mediocre in every respect and yet one cannot help but like the picture because of its theme which can easily find a parallel in life and which has been very sincerely attempted on the screen.

There are numerous things to find fault with such as: the songs are badly composed and badly sung. the beautiful settings have no special significance in the story and one feels that they are wasted, the Hoodoo—hocus dance in Africa is stupid and fails in its purpose. the recording is faulty in several places —particularly when Chandra Mohan plays with his son, the phantastic dance of Sardar Akhtar in which she changes her sex and becomes Krishna and Radha both strains the imagination, the clumsy colouring of these dance sequences fails to impress, the Aristocratic Club of India where only loafers are seen talking about other people's wives (I wonder whether it is a reflection on the Cricket Club of India), Eruch Tarapore acting as a lawyer and making a perfect fool of himself generally and particularly while introducing Roshanara at the Club. the motor-car dialogues and sequences between Chandra Mohan and Sardar Akhtar taken in the studio without background projection (the cameraman thinking that filling the block would eliminate the necessity of showing the car running), no servants in the big palatial building where Chandra Mohan seduces Sardar Akhtar, the boring Devdas-touch when the falling of Sardar's photo in Africa indicates her fall in life in India, Sardar Akhtar—the Hindu mother—recalls her sins in the presence of her little baby (imagine a Hindu wife who has sinned, doing that), Sardar's death is too sudden and sketchy and needs a sub-title saying that she really died, the childhood interlude of Indira and Madan is unnecessary, the dependability of Mazhar on his job once—which makes the drama—disappears later on and he is seen inexplicably comfortable in life, the physiognomical changes from Madan as infant, Madan as a child of twelve and Madan as Captain Madan are too sharp (imagine the monkey-faced Ram Apte becoming the long-nosed Parsi in future), the ridiculous romance between Naval and Sheela—both awful lookers—when the audience knows their true relation of brother and sister, the utter lack of emotion in Naval's final dialogue "बहन हमारा यहाँ रास्ता है ना?" fails to create the pathos necessary prior to the suicide (one almost feels relieved to get rid of

BHAROSA

Producers: *Minerva Movietone*
Screen-Play, Dialogues & Songs: *L. C. Bismil*
Music: *G. P. Kapoor*
Photography: *Y. D. Sarpotdar*
Audiography: *M. Eduljee*
Art Direction: *Rusi K. Banker*
Cast: *Chandra Mohan, Mazhar Khan, Sardar Akhtar, Sheela, Maya, Gulab, Naval etc.*
Released At: *Minerva Talkies*
Date of Release: *15th August* 1940.

Director:—SOHRAB MODY

Chandra Mohan, who alone has made "Bharosa" the best picture of Minerva.

Sohrab Mody directs his first good picture in "Bharosa".

them)—there are umpteen other things which could have been corrected, had the director given the picture a little more thought and care.

QUITE A GOOD STORY

"Bharosa" is a story of two friends, one in Africa and the other in India. The one in Africa is compelled to entrust his wife to the care of his friend in India. The friend in India abuses the confidence and seduces his friend's wife. The woman gets an illegitimate child—a daughter. Through years, the daughter grows and falls in love with the son of her illegitimate father. Her legal father does not know the clandestine sin of his wife who had died with sealed lips and he encourages the marriage between the two children to forge a further bond of friendship between two old friends.

The other man, knowing his sin, tries to prevent the marriage, but the marriage ultimately takes place. However, immediately afterwards, remorse takes hold of him and he confesses his sin to the two youngsters, who find themselves as brother and sister though married. Unable to face the future, they seek recourse in suicide.

It is quite a good story, well prepared for the screen. Had the dialogues been better, the picture would have become more forceful.

The direction is modest, though far better than any previous attempt of Sohrab Mody. The photography, barring few faults here and there, is better than ever before. The recording is careless and unnecessarily so. The sets are beautiful and absolutely unnecessary in the story.

The music side is unusually weak.

CHANDRA MOHAN SHINES

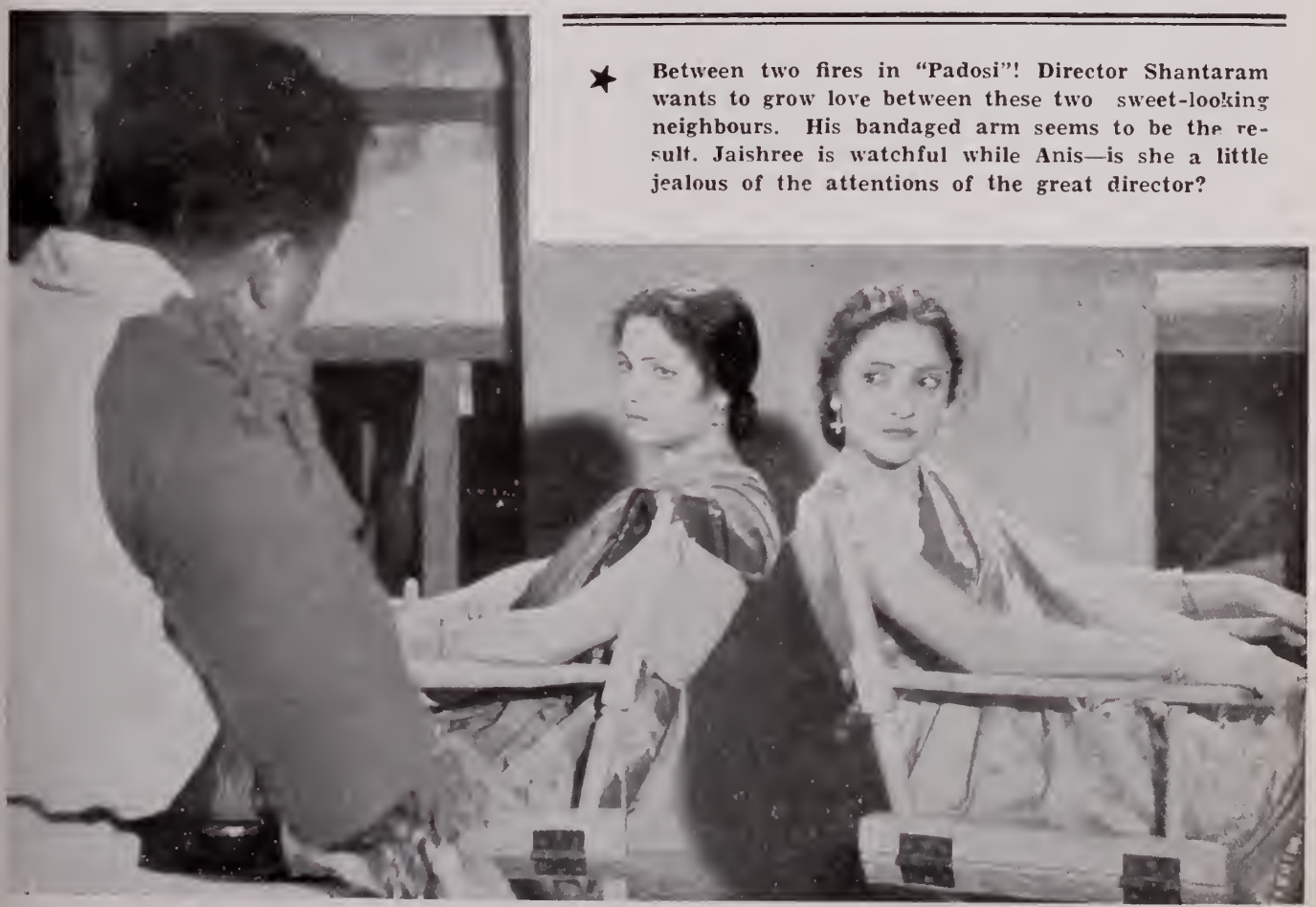
Chandra Mohan gives an outstanding performance—by no means any comparison with his performance in "Pukar"—but the best in the present circumstances. His final confession of sin is a beautiful piece worth a second visit. Mazhar needed more forceful direction. And so did Sardar Akhtar. The rest are too poor. That awful looking pair—Sheela and Naval—broke the back of the drama. They looked ridiculous, acted ridiculously and made the audience feel ridiculous.

Sheela's entry on the screen is with a song, but when she unveils her fearful set of teeth, romance goes begging into the streets. Naval's long nose stuck on a haggard face poked the romance out of the hearts of the people.

Producers must remember that a picture is a pictorial drama and the players must have pleasant and photogenic features as a primary need for the photoplay.

And after all done and said, I like the picture. As I said before it is the best picture Sohrab Mody has produced since he started production and even in me now there is a new faith (Bharosa) born that in future Sohrab will go one better every time.

Let me therefore wish him all luck.



★ **Between two fires in "Padosi"! Director Shantaram wants to grow love between these two sweet-looking neighbours. His bandaged arm seems to be the result. Jaishree is watchful while Anis—is she a little jealous of the attentions of the great director?**

BRENDA MARSHALL—In "Sea Hawk" a Warner picture, this charming star leads with Errol Flynn and makes many a situation intensely dramatic.

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Story: M. G. DAVE.

DIRECTION

VIJAY BHATT

Photography by: G. N. SHIRODKAR.

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Our Review

Sabita Devi Fails To Draw In 'Sajni'!

Star Of Yesterday Becomes A Back-Number To-day

Badami's Hopelessly Hopeless Picture!

It is painful to record here that Sabita, once the favourite of millions, seems to be no longer a box-office draw. It is all the more painful to observe this, just when Sabita had begun doing really good work in "Chingari". "Sajni" seems to be the beginning of the end of this star's one-time glorious career.

To me two reasons present themselves as a possible explanation of this tragedy. The first being a bad selection of stories featuring Sabita and the second is the narrow-minded policy of exploitation which excludes certain important media of publicity in spite of their huge circulations merely for personal vindication of imaginery grievances. Even the few advertisements that have appeared in some local papers are so stupidly written that instead of attracting people, they drive them away from the theatre.

Sagar had built up Sabita as a box-office star merely on the strength of extensive publicity as Sabita had very few inherent points of attraction. If the same wisdom is realized, then and then alone will Sabita remain on the screen in future. Not even the biggest millionaire in the world can continue a losing business for long and one day or other Sudama will be compelled to stop and think.

That will be a bad day not only for Sabita but also for Director Badami. A director only lives as long as his efforts pay and so does the artiste. A financier may go back to his distribution business and make good what he loses in production. But what about the artiste and the director, once they are condemned as useless?

In fairness to Sabita, this matter ought to be thoroughly thrashed before the next Sudama picture is put on the screen. If Sabita, who is herself a partner in production, lacks the moral courage to face this problem squarely, let her join some other company as an employee instead of heading for a certain suicide in this way. There are still many who would like to see Sabita on the screen. **Let her not disappoint them.**

AN ABORTIVE STORY

"Sajni" has hardly any story. The effort at best is merely abortive. I cannot understand how any one can select such a weak story for a production that costs nothing less than a hundred thousand rupees. It would have been better to throw that money into the streets. At least the needy would have picked it up and put it to better use.

A village money lender's son Nanda—Prithviraj—falls in love with Rupa—Sabita—a farmer's daughter. For no reason at all the romance is prolonged through abortive situations. The money lender objects and gets his son married to Radha—Snehaprabha—whose father has given six thousand as a dowry. Within a couple of scenes the drama ends, in which Rupa has made a sacrifice and insists on Nanda loving Radha. To get Rupa's blessing Nanda swallows his love for her and agrees to do so.

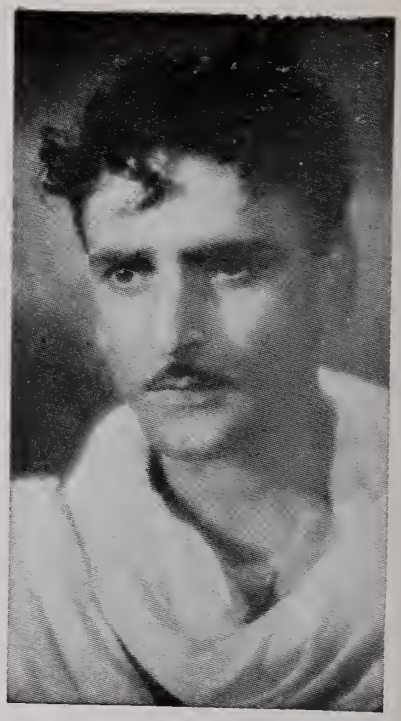
SAJNI

Producers: *Sudama Productions*
Story & Dialogues: *Zia Sarhadi*
Songs: *Santoshi & Sarhadi*
Photography: *Dronacharya*
Audiography: *Thakorbhai Patel*
Music: *Jnan Dutt*
Cast: *Prithviraj, Dixit, Sabita, Nur Jehan etc.*
Released At: *Imperial Cinema*
Date of Release: *17th August* 1940

Director:—S. BADAMI

SABITA'S EMOTIONAL WORK

The story is supposed to be extremely emotional. But Sabita the heroine of the tale hasn't even one tear to waste. Her father dies and she has not a tear for him. Her lover marries and her heart is broken and yet the tear is missed. Why was not glycerine used? Was there a shortage of it due to war?



What next Prithviraj?

And how does Sabita look? As she never looked before on the screen—emaciated and colourless. May we know why?

"Poor Prithviraj". That is all I can say of him and anxiously wait for his next picture.

Snehaprabha Pradhan as "Radha" gives a theatrical performance. Her pathetic plight when she discovers that her husband loves another woman excites ridicule. She speaks to her husband about "Hindusthan" and "Samaj" and seems more aware of the pronounciation and diction of her words than their meaning. It is too poor a performance for her. She, however, sings the last song well, but there again there is no emotion in it.

Nur Jehan as "Champa" was the only one who gave a tolerably good performance. It was in the time-worn fashion, and yet it was not bad.

Photography and processing were bad enough. Add to these, rotten projection and you can imagine the effect on the audience.

About Badami's work as a director, less said the better. After "Chingari" one feels like being stabbed in the back.

"Sajni" is a picture that Sudama would do well to forget as its memory will prove an awful obstacle in future progress.

THE POSTMAN THINKS !

... now, where have they shifted ?

Ah ! Fine Place this New One ! Plenty of Floor Space, and well Appointed offices, Bigger Show Room ! Seems to be doing topping trade, And introducing New Lines. Well, all Luck to You Old, Top ! Don't forget to tip me a little more Next DIWALI !

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Our Review

Hindusthan's 'Saubhagya' Becomes Sob-Stuff

M. G. Dave's Umpteenth Nonsense !

Shobhana Parades As A Mannequin !

"Saubhagya" is a poor successor to "Mud." In "Mud" the producers had given a promise of bold and progressive pictures. In the present one, however, they have gone back into the old rut of a weak and indecisive theme presented in a slipshod and clumsy manner

I have seen a hundred stories of Mohanlal Dave including "Saubhagya" and I still think that he cannot write a good screen play. Once in a while Dave gets a good idea, but in my opinion he makes a mess of it while conveying it to the world. His views on life, as reflected in his hundred and odd stories, are orthodox and when he makes an attempt to be bold he draws ridicule upon himself.

He seems to be one of those writers to whom the box-office is the temple of god and probably starts counting the returns before setting out his theme.

Men who tremble between commercial instincts and their mission in life, as Dave seems to do, can never make forceful screen writers. The screen in India today needs brave writers with imagination to tackle our social problems in a progressive way. Dave is too old to learn this and he has therefore given an old story, in which he says that a virgin widow should die a widow rather than remarry.

And to justify this, he quotes a lot of emotional nonsense about a Hindu woman being married only once in life and the subsequent hocus.

I BLAME NANUBHAI.

It is a surprise how Nanubhai Desai, a lovable rebel amongst our producers—more cultured and educated than several of them put together, should have been made a scapegoat into accepting such a stupid theme for production.

I would put the entire blame at Nanubhai's door. He has no excuse to give. If a producer with his experience and courage stoops to pander to the imaginary demands of a stupid orthodoxy, then the earlier he throws off the pretence of production the better.

People look up to Nanubhai for something greater, something more bold and more progressive. After "Mud," I thought, he would give it, but he has let us all down. Inexcusable!

THE USUAL HOCUS

A young man Pradip and his sister Rajani live an impoverished life. They were rich once but a friend of their father had robbed them. The young man is an artist of some sort. He knows that his sister is a child-widow. But she doesn't know that.

SAUBHAGYA

Producers:	*Hindusthan Cinetone*
Story:	*M. G. Dave*
Dialogues and Songs:	*Santoshi*
Photography:	*S. Hardip*
Audiography:	*B. M. Shah*
Music:	*H. C. Bali*
Cast:	*Prem Adib, K. N. Singh, Shobhana, Snehaprabha Pradhan, Iqbal, etc.*
Released At:	*Roxy Talkies*
Date of Release:	*22nd June*, 1940
Director	C. M. Luhar

The other family who had become rich now consists of a girl Rohini—rich, wilful and fashionable, a manager called Kedar and his profligate son Natwar. Kedar's game is to get Natwar married to Rohini so that his son can get all the millions which Rohini is supposed to have.

Rohini, however, meets Pradip the artist and falls in love with him and vice versa. Pradip is struggling to get his sister remarried, but Kedar manages to spread about that she was a child-widow.

When Rajani the child-widow comes to know of her previous marriage she bolsters up devotion for a husband she doesn't even remember and retires into widowhood.

Pradip, for no reason whatsoever, decides to remain a bachelor. Rajani seeing the love between Rohini and Pradip realizes that she is in the way. So she stages a suicide and disappears.

After a little more emotional nonsense, Pradip and Rohini are joined together by Rajani who makes a sudden appearance as a tapaswini.

The whole affair is too damn emotional to be sensible and this should have been the last story for a screen-play in present times.

N.B. Desai—there are few producers as intelligent as him and yet.....

OTHER PRODUCTION VALUES!

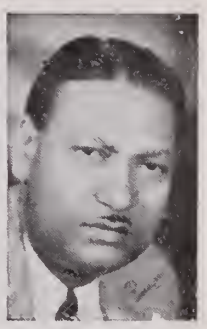
The direction of Luhar is as good as the story of Dave. A better director would have failed. The photography of Hardip is not as good as in "Mud." Sound is not bad. The music of Snehaprabha Pradhan is the outstanding feature of the picture. But she looks awful on the screen the camera being very unkind to her less photogenic features. K. N. Singh is unnatural, stagy and disgusting. Shobhana Samarth seems to have forgotten the art of acting. She moves about like a well-dressed mannequin, a stranger to emotion. Prem Adib was not bad. though one wonders why he waves about his arm while singing.

The only good performance was given by Iqbal, the little boy.

To people with an orthodox bent of mind, it is a good sob-stuff. But to vigorous modern people it is all a nonsense. Men, like Nanubhai Desai probably ought to dislike the picture most. They don't compromise with life and seek quarter.

Is Direction an Art or a Science?

Is Success A Result of Inspiration or Chance?



KRISHNA GOPAL

By: Krishna Gopal B. Sc.

During the last fifteen years or so of my experience in motion pictures, inspite of the rather humble capacity in which I have always worked, I have been privileged to study at very close quarters most of our industry's top-notch directors. Nearly every one, I have found, disagrees with every body else in his methods of work, but they are nearly all unanimous in their abhorrence of being classed as anything but "artists."

They always have insisted on drawing a sharp line of demarcation between their art and the work of, say, the sound or camera crews. They have persisted in always relying upon the existence of favourable 'moods' for the performance of their work, which, they have argued, the other workers by no stretch of imagination can possibly require. To them their art is based not on any fundamental principles, but on extremely vague and indefinite circumstances that they call inspiration and which the man in the street refers to as chance.

INTELLECTUAL SNOBBISHNESS

I have known one or two that are so obsessed with this mood influence that even the slightest noise on the set such as the dropping of a pin supposedly disintegrates their mechanism of thought and they find themselves at sea, or at least that what they want us to believe.

That they should devote any of their time to thinking on the set which is primarily a place for action and that any thinking that may be necessary should have been finished much earlier, are maxims that this particular type of director chooses to disregard if only for the empty glory of being classified with the popular concept of 'intellectual philosophers.'

To me, however, the director has always been the most prosaic of all workers engaged upon the business of film production. It is on him that rests the responsibility of manufacturing a product (even if it be the canned emotions of a group of players) so that the pleasurable reactions which it creates may be marketed at its best possible value.

It is obvious that a director fails in his duty if the reactions his product create in the buyer, who is in this case the audience, are not sufficiently pleasurable or will I say, acceptable, to justify the buyer in parting with his money. All very complicated it is true, but it boils down to this, that a director must know what and how to extract from his players and his technical staff of their best, and to please his audience.

And this knowledge, I believe, is not a result of mere chance, but is based on fixed and unalterable principles, like so many of our other laws of Nature, only a minute study of which can help us to achieve even a moderate amount of success in our endeavours.

INVISIBLE YET DEFINITE RULES

I have always given the analogy of a director's work with that of his paintings are hung in the salons a scenic or portrait painter. When of the world, there are thousands that come and praise "this thing of beauty", admire the charming subject and go away, some of them possibly paying tribute to the great artist that its creator must be.

But not one really knows that the work they have seen has really been one of intensive study. "Consider the extremely pleasing compos'tion. The strong line of the black dress carries the eye to the perfect oval of face and hood, which is most

Vishnupant Pagnis and Vimal Sardesai have a moment to themselves in "Narsi Bhagat" a Prakash picture.

subtly placed within the picture space. The subsidiary line of the arm both breaks the shadow and forms a secondary leading line up to the second oval. This space division and the shapes of the background and shadow areas are beautifully planned" and so and so forth. Every line, every tone all conforming to a set of established principles that are the basis of pictorial composition.

The uninitiated unconsciously admire the results, little knowing of these rules, but the rules nevertheless exist—and it is with their help and yet another combination of them that will enable the creative artist to make another thing of beauty. So it is in this business of film-craft.

INJECTING MOOD INTO THE AUDIENCE

Emotions the world over are common to mankind, the ways and means of their expression may slightly differ from place to place. But the mode of making them react to situations are fairly constant. And if we are conversant with them there can be no hit and miss method in our work.

There has been a recent release that had been acclaimed by a favourable press as only a little short of the acme of perfection. The story by an acknowledged writer of almost international fame, was beyond criticism, and the performance and direction both of established reputation and the technique was flawless. And yet the picture failed to draw the crowds of even a third rate production.

I have always maintained even against the views of these acknowledged critics, that this particular production flouted the very elements of film-craft. The story dealt with the effects of the persecution and subsequent reactions of the heroine for a sin committed earlier by her mother. Throughout the picture the director has tried to count upon the audience for sympathy, and for an understanding of those reactions the cause that led upto which he had failed to convey at all. The result was a total loss of appreciation and the picture failed to draw.

How many of our directors realise for instance that before they start a story the audience must be initiated into its dramatic moods, after which they will easily accept all that you give them within that limited scope? Can I forget the opening scene of "Waterloo Bridge" and how unconsciously, without a single scene of war were we led into the spirit of wartime? This particular picture, incidentally, provides a wealth of opportunity for careful study.

WHY NOT STUDY THE RIGHT WAY

Of course many of our leading directors must have "studied" it, but with the slightly different viewpoint of how with certain modifications they could make an Indian version out of it. Brains must be hard at work even now devising substitutes for those situations that could not blatantly be adapted to Indian conditions. That is how at present our directors 'study' a picture.

Instead, if only they went a little more deeply into a study of the principles that govern the art of motion picture production as exemplified in these masterpieces, and then sat down to apply them to their own work, the results would be certainly much more edifying. But a study of principles mean an admission of the fact that principles exist and that would be against the ethics of 'artistic' endeavour. For according to them, an artist knows no law except that which his brain may direct at the moment. And that is why so many of our 'artistic' directors give us their brilliant failures.

Once in a while they certainly do give a thing or two of acknowledged merit, but does not the quack also occasionally cure his patient? Luck may even favour him in a succession of cures, but it is only the skilled physician, conversant with the principles that govern the detection and cure of disease, that can give us a much longer list of successes and with certainly much more ease and certainty.

CAMOUFLAGE ART

Is there a single director today (possibly with but a single solitary exception) that has given us a uninterrupted series of successful pictures? One failure hemmed in between successes may be due to a certain amount of chance, but a succession of them even when they come after a longer list of successes, is a sure indication that something is wrong.

It clearly indicates that this particular director has all along been relying upon chance and upon the fickleness of that ever accommodating jade Dame Fortune. Is it not time at this stage, when our industry has left behind its childhood and is certainly in the later stages of adolescence if not of complete maturity, for our directors to realise the value of study as a means of improvement in their work? Should they not try and emerge from the protective influence of that veil of so-called art that they have so long built around themselves for the last 26 years?

Must they not realise that the very emancipation of the industry lies in their appreciation and study of the principles that govern their work—principles whose existence they cannot deny to-day? Will they not treat their work as an exact science, productive of exact results, and not as something indefinite and 'arty' depending upon mere chance for its success?

Perhaps it is because the word science conjures up in their minds the idea of machinery that they shrink in applying it to their work. But machinery is merely one of the outcomes of science, and we admit machinery is cold, calculating, unemotional and can scarcely bear any relation to the higher forms of dramatic art. But science is not machinery alone—it is the fundamental and systematised form of any study of acknowledged principles. It is only when we do not understand something entirely that we designate it as Art—but tomorrow when we come to appreciate and systematise its study that we describe it as a science.

And the Art of Direction to-day has definitely evolved itself out of the realms of chance and deserves to take its place among the acknowledged Sciences of the day.

Our Review

Circo's Third Picture Is Third Rate!

Mohan Sinha Inflicts More Suffering !

"Anuradha" Becomes A Classic In Stupidity !

Mohan Sinha, the writer, director and everything else of this picture looks such a quiet and harmless man that one can not make up his mind to believe that he can produce such an atrocious picture to torture his followers.

No one has done him any harm that he should be so vindictive in punishing us so severely.

Incidentally, "Anuradha" is the third in the series of Circo Productions, which V. R. Mehta that incurable optimist amongst our distributors had hoped to make successful.

It is a story of a rebel daughter who falls in love and falls out with ar ease that surprises all but the director of the picture. There is a college guy in it and a consumptive looking doctor who specializes in love cases.

There is a little taming-the-shrew element in it, but by the time it all ends, the audience is also perfectly tamed.

The whole affair is too stupid for words. There is not a single good thing in it and it is a pity that an enterprising company like Circo produced a picture like this.

ANURADHA

Producers: *Circo Productions*
Story: *Shaida*
Photography: *D. Divecha*
Audiography: *Minoo Katrak*
Cast: *Maya Bannerjee, Trilok, Jivan, Vatsala Kumptekar, Anant Marathe etc.*
Released at: *Majestic Cinema*
Date of Release: *1st August 1940*

Everything else by:—
MOHAN SINHA.

It is a torture to sit through the picture. Once I wrote that even stupidity has a market value. Well, this one hasn't even that.

Maya Bannerjee—why talk of her! She is not the one I knew once. The one I saw in "Anuradha" is a complete stranger. She seems to be a new-comer.

Well, if you feel like committing suicide, go and see "Anuradha". You will discover that there is something worse than death.

Rose again leads in "Sanskar" a National Studio picture.

In "Mala" a social picture by Prakash, all these get together and make a drama worth seeing.

PICTURES IN MAKING

BOMBAY TALKIES

Follow the crowds in the city and you will reach the Roxy where "Bandhan" is monopolising all the shows in the town. The unique success of this picture has gladdened the hearts of all as people were anxious about the future of the Bombay Talkies, after the untimely death of its pioneer founder.

But "Bandhan" has proved that this concern is no longer a one-man show but a regular well-established institution which is destined to go on inspite of individuals.

"Narayani" the Devika picture which was scheduled to go into production immediately after "Bandhan" has been shelved for the present and another social one under the direct supervision of Mrs. Devika Rani has gone into production. Its name has not yet been decided, but it will feature Snehaprabha Pradhan and Kishore Sahu in the leading roles.

RANJIT MOVIETONE

"Musafir" a 100% comedy is a 100% success at the Royal Opera House in Bombay. It is one gala laugh from the beginning to the end.

After "Musafir" will come "Diwali" which has been ready for some time now. The picture is directed by Mr. Jayant Desai and is expected to be a box-office hit in keeping with the reputation of this director.

"Ummid" another social story has also been completed and will take its turn on the screen next year.

Mr. Jayant Desai has already gone half way through "Shadi" a social subject featuring Madhuri and Khursheed.

INDIA ARTISTS

"The Nest" a social comedy which these people are producing is still in the paper-work stage. Zia Sarhady who will direct the picture is still interviewing Mr. Daga every evening and we shall tell you when they get going.

NATIONAL STUDIOS

"Woman" is still drawing at Bombay and Ahmedabad. And it will continue to draw for a long time to come. This picture has given such a wonderful start to the National Studios that everything is now being done with extra enthusiasm.

Venturing out into a new field for the first time the studio has produced a two-reel film of the cultural dance of the Nagas. This will be screened with "Sanskar" the social picture of Virendra Desai which will come to the screen after "Woman" finishes its run at the Pathe.

Abdul Rashid Kardar, an earful, eyeful and mouthful of a name in the filmworld is at "Puja" a social melodrama which will be ready for film tins next month. With Sardar Akhtar, Sitara and Zahur Raja in the cast we are promised not only a splendid drama but also beautiful music.

Mehboob—the inimitable—is at it again. This time, with a picture called "Man"—probably to face his "Woman". Mehboob says, it is great. The studio thinks it is greater. We think, it is bound to be both good and interesting with that 72"-inch—Sheik Mukhtar stalking through it.

Then there is little Virendra Desai dressing up "Radhika" a costume story into a beautiful picture. With Nalini Jaywant that charming new find of National, this picture promises to be a lovely treat.

NAVYUG CHITRAPAT

The shooting of "Amrit" under the direction of Mr. Winayak is proceeding fast and the picture is ex-

Madhuri and Motilal make thrilling drama in "Diwali" a Ranjit picture.

Between Sardar Akhtar and Sitara a lot of drama is made in "Pooja" a National Studios picture.

pected to be complete in the month of Octobr.

SARASWATI CINETONE

Dadasaheb Torney has just completed "Devi Devyani" a mythological melodrama with Padma Shaligram in the lead.

Miss Shaligram is returning to the screen after a very long time and her lilting music will definitely be the main attraction of the picture.

The next picture to go into shooting is a social comedy called "The Bridegroom."

PRABHAT FILM CO.

"Padosi" is on the sets with Director Shantaram shooting every day. This picture, probably, has the best story Prabhat has ever produced and with Jaishree, Anis, Mazhar Khan and Jagirdar fitting the roles like good gloves the picture is destined to reach great heights of success.

In between the sets of "Padosi", the shooting of "Sant Sakhu" is going on. This time Prabhat has gone to a woman saint of Maharashtra and let us wait and see whether she also goes to heaven like the others that went before but after giving millions to Prabhat.

"Omar Khayyam" is now an established fact on the production schedule. The story of this Persian subject has been written by Messrs. Baburao Patel and Ahmad Abbas after an extensive research into the times when the poet-philosopher of Persia lived.

A small unit of cameramen accompanied by two artists has already left for Persia to obtain authentic photographs of old ruins and other archaelogical relics to enable the studio to revive old life as vividly as possible.

It is reported that the dialogues of the picture will be written by a committee of prominent Urdu writers under the supervision of Dr. Syed Abid Husein M.A., Ph.D., the eminent scholar of Urdu who translated the autobiographies of Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Syed Fatehlal, Prabhat's famous art director is busy designing the costumes of the times of Omar Khayyam. Immediately these preparations are over, the picture will go into shooting after "Padosi". Shantaram will direct it.

WADIA MOVIETONE

"Diamond Queen" with Nadia, the fearless, is drawing good houses at the Lamington Talkies, Bombay. The picture has proved a treat to entertainment hunters.

In "Mala", a Prakash picture, Rose is reported to have given a good performance.

Besides, two more thrillers in making, every one in the studio seems to be busy on the trilingual picture "Raj Nartaki" which is being taken in Hindi, Bengali and English with Sadhona Bose in the lead and Modhu Bose on the megaphone.

PRAKASH PICTURES

The town is waiting for "Narsi Bhagat" the super mythological which stars Vishnupant Pagnis and Durga Khote.

"Mala" a social picture with Rose and Jairaj in the lead is fast nearing completion.

MOHAN PICTURES

Reports coming in from all parts of India bring news of the success of "Hatimtai-ki-Beti."

At the studios, two pictures. "Thief of Tartar" and "Dipak Mahal" are progressing with their indoor shootings.

TARUN PICTURES

"Trust Your Wife", their maiden social picture has been completed at last and will be soon on the screen. With Lalita Powar in the lead, the picture is bound to be a good draw at the box-offices.

FAMOUS ARUN PICTURES

This co-operative effort between Mr. Bhal G. Pendharkar and Mr. Shiraz Hakim has taken an extensive shape by way of an up-to-date studio which will begin working in right earnest by the time this is in print.

The first picture to go into production will be "Thoratanchi Kamla" a historical subject of the Maratha period.

ATRE PICTURES

P. K. Atre the guiding spirit of this new concern has secured the erstwhile Hindusthan Cinetone Studios for his productions.

With Vanmala in the lead, the first picture "Payachi Dasi" will go into production very shortly.

FAMOUS FILMS

"Dharma Patni" release has been postponed to December, though the picture is ready.

The next picture to go on the sets will be in Tamil and is called "Sacrifice" with M. K. Radha, R. B. Laxmi and T. Suryakumari in the cast.

FAMOUS CINE LABORATORY

"Making Money" in English, Hindi, Bengali, Tamil and Telugu is the name of the short educational feature produced by Mr. Erza Mir under the personal supervision of Mr. Shiraz Ali Hakim.

The Government of India have further entrusted Mr. Shiraz with the work of producing a propaganda film under the direction of Mr. Mir.

NEW THEATRES

Director Amar Mullick's "Har-Jeet" is now almost ready and ought to be on the screen any day. With Kanan and Pahari in the cast, at least good music is expected in this film.

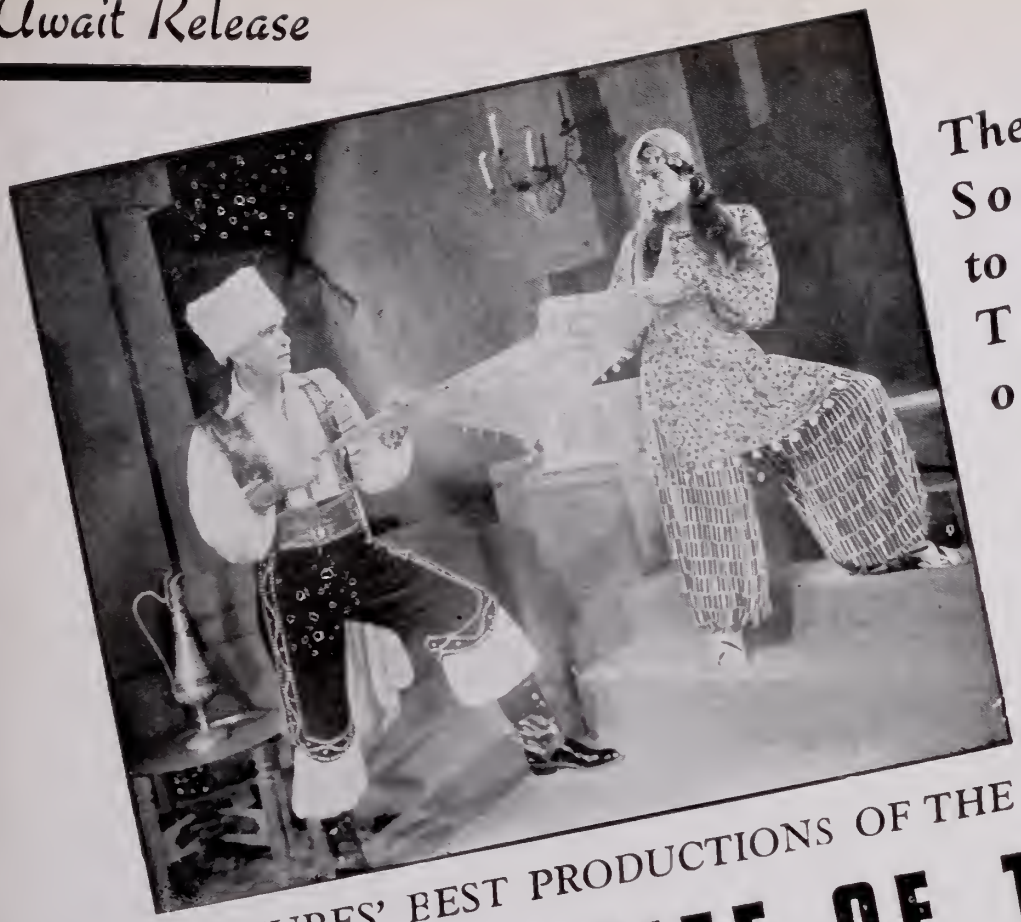
"Nartaki" under the jealous care of Devaki Bose is steadily taking shape. Leela Desai has become the Nartaki in this picture.

Another picture that is ready for release is "Swami" directed by Nitin Bose.

Damuanna Malvankar and Salvi support many a situations in "Amrit" a Navyug Chitrapat picture.

Printed by Camer Saleh at the New Jack Printing Works, 75, Apollo Street, Fort, and published by him for "filmindia" Publications Ltd., from 104, Apollo Street, Fort, Bombay.

Await Release



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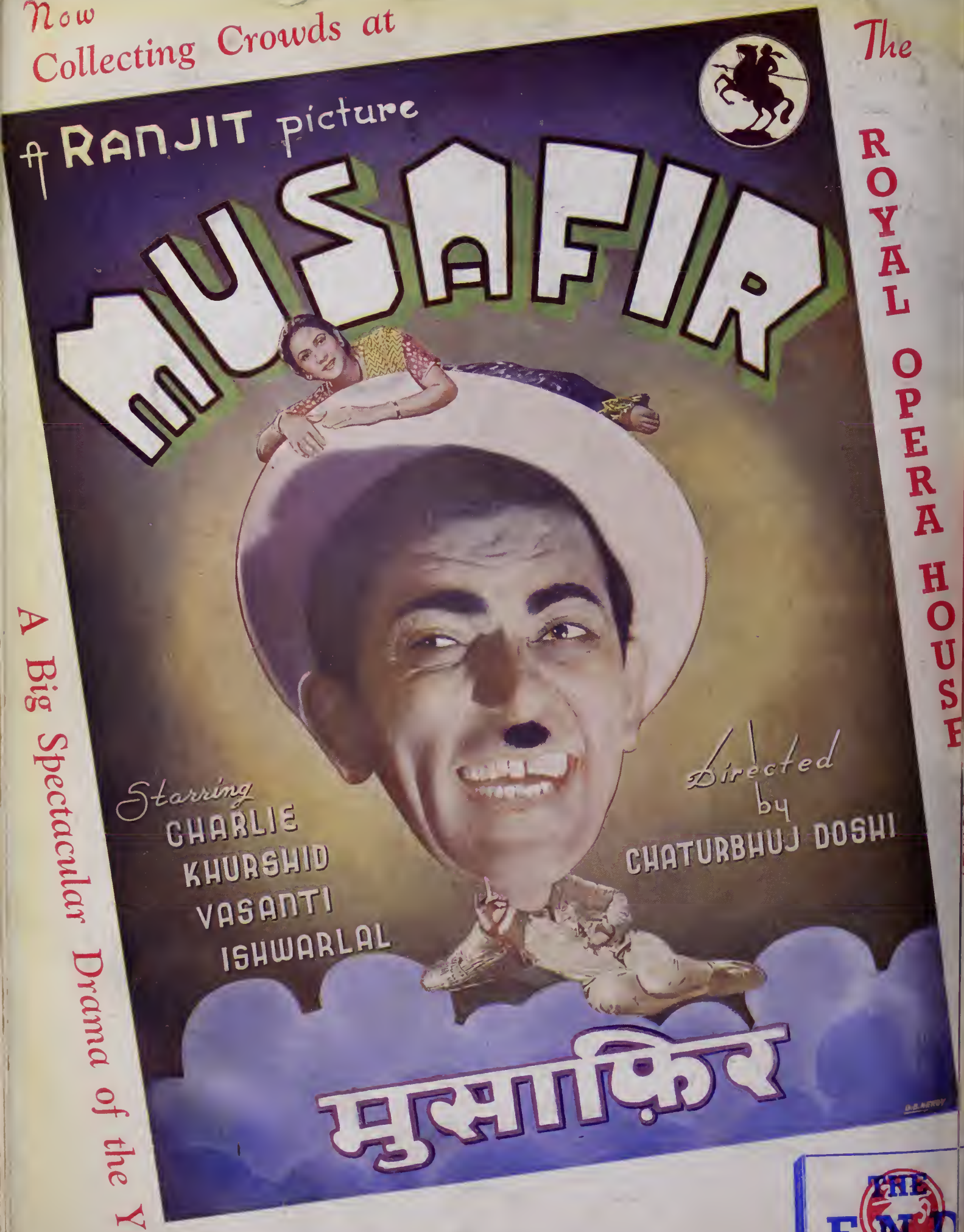

it's a picture in which you will hate to see

THE
END